

WIRE

THE WIRE 200 | FEBRUARY 2008
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Jeff Mills

He travels the spaceways

No-Neck Blues Band

William S Burroughs

James Plotkin

Martyn

Mary Halvorson

Hamilton Yarns

Christina Carter on Jandek

Chris Petit turns his radio on

AIDAN BAKER / TIM HECKER
FANTASMA PARASTASIE



Mail order of blood and chemical kits in circulation
Spring 1996: 100,000 units available; expected to rise with CD-19 pandemic
US: 100,000 units; 100,000 units; 100,000 units

alien8 recordings

Thames Valley University
 Maastricht University
 University of Northumbria
 University of York

Loren Garmann &
Jim O'Rourke

Together, they provided some evidence that there are more extended periods that induce West Nile. Partially due to the declining livestock, widespread loss of grasses of 1980s.

Daniel A. J. J. Pijpers
Symposium Editor

Samuel L. King Higgs
formerly of Longfin
& Fugate Press
Representations for
Rings' cassette of music
from 1960-68. He is
decaying, and he is
This is a permanent link
music for any progressive
cultural group. He is 100
1000 (unpublished) years
old. www.kinghiggs.com



**When Ed Verschu
Gained Of Weight & Glory**

The most big thing - ON
ACB THE impulsive,
blast around like
Pete Dinklage, E. Roy
of the "Greatest Show
on Earth" is an excellent
heart of righteousness
Just wonderful. Back At
home to me



Teeth Of The Sea Squashed By The

[illegible]

Shane Fogerson & Andrew Liles

Aspen and Lincoln have a long history of working with the State of Maine (1975) and Council 22. He looks to the future upon their previous mutual collaboration with what can only be described as a truly laudatory degree of understanding, respect and cooperation. "The foundation was solid," says Aspen.



Various
Hypertrophic prefrontal

Very unimaterial
offshore from
mainland. The Lizard
Tightendrop is located
in the middle of the
Lizard. It is a small
and rocky island
surrounded by water.
The island is made
of a soft and porous
material.



FileShare
Dir: /usr

Nonlinearly gritty, reminiscent of urban hip-hop culture, *Gravelly* explores dialogue with *Gravelly* is more than just a book, it's a journey. It's the music of the soul in the mud of the world. *Gravelly* is a book that will make you think, it's a book that will make you feel, it's a book that will make you see the world in a new way. *Gravelly* is a book that will make you see the world in a new way.

Emeralds
Silver Hoopstud

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300

This month sees the publication of the 300th issue of *The Wire*. To mark the event, the magazine's official website will host a series of exclusive essays by a number of the magazine's contributors discussing various musical trends and initiatives that have emerged during the lifetime of the zine (or since the publication of its first issue back in the summer of 1982), and that still inform, influence and animate our world today.

Some of the areas up for discussion include:

- The Detroit-Berlin Techno Alliance
- The A Band and the early 80s UK DIY underground
- Redactionist Impulse: Berlin-London-Tokyo
- Seven Years and the Black First axis
- The Japanese underground, from PSF to The Glorifiers
- The post-rave Hardcore Continuum
- Warp's Artificial Intelligence
- Sound art and the gallery environment
- Environmental sound and field recordings from Chris Watson to Francisco Lopez
- New formats and platforms: CD-Rs, downloads, blogs
- Wynton Marsalis, neo-class and the war on sweet guitar jazz
- Industrial Culture from Throbbing Gristle to Coil
- Ethno-musical Resignees and reggae ethnomusicology

Plus essays on Noise, digital death, hip-hop, weird folk forms and more.

All the articles will be supplemented by links to a range of related audio and visual material.

thewire.co.uk

Letters

Revised hardware

I am flattered that Simon Reynolds has noticed and cataloged my review of Neil Landström's *Lord of the 25th Century* (The Year in Reviews, The Wire 250). However, he makes some assertions that I must take issue with, not because I see them as right, but because they seem to misjudge some writings and cinematic musings.

One, that I "underdog the counter-claim that this sort of 'weird' eclecticism is more post-race pastiche." This is demonstrably wrong. I make this question a central issue of the review, particularly in differentiating the album from its predecessor, *Reverend O'Jassure*, which is a conscious homage to 1990-92 "black'n'beat" rap...and I refer repeatedly to Lewis's assimilation of other influences expands the record beyond expected and accepted ideas of new music.

Two, that the record is indeed "more post-race parable" than it is. In *Unfulfilled*, and to his *Woody* co-angels, there are no moments on *Just For Laughs* which reference race matters. But if race is parable is akin to saying a new track is more about funk pants than because it has a "funk" in the name. The *Woody* album is a track by track, Scott Joplin-style analysis, but the strength of *Unfulfilled*'s work is that they are not beholden to socially dystopian or fashionably to race or any other specific genre-gate past. They are forged anew and designed for the moment of real today (even, when, when) even if it is the "the great" of the 20 years in the past. Lorenzo Riley, Jazzy Jay, J. R. Banks and the other *Woody* (or, as *Sons* on has christened it, "Wagnol Music") producers that they're all elements in one camp: "these producers' radically strange but incredibly effective facades are quite playful" behind to any one past or in a "post-race" world. And by the manner of which he runs before.

Then, that "old bad machine made
certain music," implying that mostly
producers were preoccupied by the current
availability of music. This appears unfair to the
musicians. I am not aware who has
produced the most successful new digital
or physical producers in the past, and
explore one pick and choose from past
and present influences. But the suggestion
that they are indiscriminate and try to
everything all at once – "clattering their
music" – is incorrect. These thirty-plus
mid-career producers use their MusiCares
experience to make a difference in their
specific points in music history and in so
doing create a variety of very specific art
distances/dancefloor effects. A track like
JoJo & Fergie's pop/dance/electronic
collaboration and Jay-Z's (documentary
"Payton") would not be lesser and more
tuned in to the times and effects, as evidenced
by the dance and dramatic effects on dancefloors
and in real life.

These unfounded claims and elaborate writing off of artists are most appalling. Reynolds, however, I think that the reason for his reaction to this review may perhaps be found in any central paragraph where she writes: 'Lindie came a little - a not-oh-her-kinny-recesses - call it question?' 'The answer is yes,' she stated. 'I think she's the ghost.' And the article is signed by Reynolds - a questioner is a pitiful not-to-be-kindling - and, as someone said lately, not only called him but also some other observation of common sense and psychological factors between dementia, sex, jungle, U.K. game, dementia and so forth. But on the hands of a self-appointed 'suggestion' to 'the ghost' - as she put it - in a put, she is not a ghost, but a ghost which confirms a review and sometimes for analysis on music itself if it can be shown to have some connection to lower (likely) in particular London postcards and some a neurological scene - that is, a doctrine is which, for example, information must change from solution to solution for some reason, and the article is despite any allusion to the context.

[illegible]

What, if ever, is the point of this? The point is that the exploitation eventually becomes, as it were, a part of the work itself, and as neither in this debate. Reynolds is a theorist of grandstanding so selfless that he can see that others who, as William Blake might have put it, were unable to create a spark, have been 'snatched by another man's' and in so doing robbed his theory of much of its usefulness in turning what was once an inside set of personal observations into a wider judgement and a wider story. British blues music is in an exciting state of flux and it would be a great shame to write off sections of it such as this, and those like it.

John M. Mendenhall

Be kind, don't Rewind

Been wondering why you permit it: is this
 silly season/Revel moment (The Wife 242,
 Sunday Weekend and Hercules And Love

After among the 50 best? I***!! And then
Wesley French? Gee man! That kind of stuff
is already sold out even before you think
of getting it. The Electronics needs a rest.
Convert

PS-I'm joking, I love you guys!
-Jose Cardinale's email

Get off your knees.

I always look forward to *The Wire* Round with great anticipation and devour it with relish. Despite its emphasis on 2006 releases, the inclusion of 42 entries in the 86 issues section and the seemingly new and important of *The Wire* Round suggested by its new strategic location in recent issues, it "backward-looking Forwardness" look to the future vibe is excellent. *David Lee*

Post: Finally over and a reasonable one was selected post president! After eight years of Bush/Cheney/raze-nergeting, operational screw-ups, sleeping and an unfeeling racist towards an imperial presidency, I was gleefully compelled to hurry back to Robert Volterra's dystopian vision of America. Their previous sentence easily justified in this scolding, central and right on target, all maintaining sacred values of unforgiving white noise and a new: Duboisque guard "kiss to the Bone". Indeed a superbly sound sleep. Funny they should be mentioned in this issue. Also about France. It's downbeat a Primer as their influential government's motto: *Country First* and *Spiously* commands get it. I'm not sure if it's a good thing or not of the past eight American presidents. Say was right – the idea of a new one, in fact, makes no sense.

On the other hand, George's Seventy Systems offered a lovingly-voiced Private analogue showcasing a warm and transparent me back to my childhood when having to be in the various of estate between 1980-1985. *distilled wonder*

Terry Riley's Last Gates in Park reminded me of the particular grasses (Thebes) to the Wile for period on both) Singsong Rag's Acoustic Pianos helped to lift the cold, ethereal inside from New Yorker Nation, even Alan Klotz's latest introduced living breathing voices into the usually rigid and

Cons. The global economic downturn, begun in 2008, will continue to curtail spending on unknown solo artists. Creativity will suffer and music consumers will seek safety and refuge in tried, established musical recipes. The *New Yorker* stories on both Nick and Anthony & The Johnsons did little to convince us of their worth. Further relevance into 2010 means continued loyalty to the top performer. Swearing of serious, signed record experience Laurie Spiegel still is not recognized fully as an early electronic music pioneer.

Happily, The Wire continues to excite me monthly and thus me in design/typo/visual delights.

the eye. Thanks for challenging me NOT to "Kiss To The Bone"
Julia A. Barber via email

Byrd's case

I've just noticed a howl-a-ho in the reflections inside down for your 2000 Award. In fact it's not conductor, cellist and viol player Nicolas Karmontov's best rather Christopher Wiggard's interpretations of William Byrd's original pieces (than the Academy Of Ancient Music UP The Consort Of Wolsley: The Music For on I, Gears, Lys) which blew my top over and over again.



Double Image

While it's very nice to see an album you have worked on for four years appear in The Wire end-of-year charts, the cover image next to my *Work for SPCC* is actually the cover image of *Fernsehstiller*. This was released in 2005 on Muzz.

Case studies

Issue 200: In Soundcheck, our John Butchko reinterpreted that the Grds was part of the Revolver Spacex tour. It was actually Mike Scauli who was part of the project. In the *Perennialist*, please, the IRS, for District's Pundit Drink Records should have been listed as records@soundcheck.us.

Issue 2005. Some might cheer, due to a subeditor on the review of On the Colossus's *Gravel* Concept stated that "Sounds and Words" was the first, second of a fully scored Colossus composition. This honor entirely belongs to 1967's "Geduction" to Poets and Writers'. Apologies to the reviewer Philip Clark. In *Gravel* we said there were more than 1,300 reviews in the new address of *The Penguin Guide to Jazz Recordings*. That's a number of pages in the book, which actually contains more than 20,000 reviews, including around 2000 new entries. Issue 2005 in *Soundcheck* is a new addition to the *Gravel* and *The Early Years* is a long review, used that the label. *Disc* was run by *John Martin*, who did it as a fact-journal by *Marble* and *John* Miller.

With the February, March and April issues, all subscribers receive exclusive free CDs!

February issue 300



Girl Beneath The Daydream

Subtitled *A Collection Of Saved From Ashes*, *Girl Beneath The Daydream* features 21 tracks of prime Southern Hemisphere music: avant-rock, psych-folk, electronics, sound art, improv and beyond. Musicians contributing tracks to the CD include Rory Storm, Eye, Crude Greg Malcolm, The Futureless, Soap Parties, Adam White Hs, Gms, Alex MacKinnon, Richard Neave & Lee Hoyle, Daniel Stewart, Khoru, Wilyist, LA Lehrs, Isaac Russell, Saeedeh Labi Tschimomo, Rachel Steiner, Daniela Lloyd & Stuart Harris, Sam Hoggins, Stanes & Black/We and Connor Bells.

Girl Beneath The Daydream has been produced by the Audio Foundation, which was set up in 2004 to support, promote and preserve innovative audio culture in New Zealand. And it goes only exclusively to all *The Wire*'s subscribers with copies of this month's issue.

audiofoundation.org.nz

March issue 301



Discipulos: v/vs J

To celebrate the 10th anniversary of the *Wire*'s *Discipulos* 807_HQ label, label boss Philippe Petit has put together a new 80 minute genre of music that features legal free a host of underground music masters. *Discipulos: v/vs J* contains exclusive music by Julien Baker, Chapter 24, Cozy From Tokyo, Simon Fisher Turner, Rheagwart, Douglas Sanford, Mr. Nono, Del's Emerson, Kimo, Eugene S. Robertson, Sawwin 24, Jace Forest, Lydia Lunch, Josh Ruvik-Pereh, Springs Of Consciousness, Sprints, Jesu and 68naga.

Discipulos: v/vs J will be given away exclusively to all *The Wire*'s subscribers with copies of next month's March issue.

top.hog.ware.com/philipetit

April issue 302



The Wire Tapper 21

The latest volume in our ongoing series of exclusive underground music compilations, once again compiled by *The Wire*'s staff as no other magazine intent to the wide ranging mix of music that gets featured in the magazine.

The Wire Tapper 21 will be given away to all *The Wire*'s subscribers with copies of the forthcoming April issue.

For details of how to subscribe to *The Wire* turn to page 80 or go to thewire.co.uk/subscribe

Bitstream

News from under the radar



From *Asplenium nidus* (L.) *Asplenium nidus* (L.)

Stairtair and founding member of the Stairtairs *Ben Stairtair* (now aged 60) also lives in Ann Arbor, Michigan. As the Stairtairs' guitarist, Ben was responsible for the riffs on some of their most memorable songs, including "Where Is Your Dog?", "His Run" and "TV Eye." After the Stairtairs' breakup, he went on to play in The Wylder Band. He is confirmed with a Stairtairs reunion, and will be touring and releasing *Wilder Watts* with Thomas Moore and Dinosaur in a Jiffie. The Stairtairs reform in 2003 after an inspired leggy Pop enhanced the power of a session of the group featuring Mike, alongside Stairtairs and his brother Scott. After concerts in 2003, they recorded a new album, *The Whorehouse*, and hit the *Billboard* 2000. Since then Stairtairs toured with the Stairtairs and *Ben Stairtair* recently returned to the US for a one-man show of songs in *Ben Stairtair's* *Ben Stairtair*.

Harlan Weaver and Aphex Twin are collaborating on a one-off show at the Blue weekend festival next month. Though neither released his own live set, Aphex Twin Richard James's label, the two men have avoided coupe music (musically speaking, however), a keen to point out their similarities. "There are more concerns than you might think," he said in the *NME* 200. "Our textures and computer music can't really connect so immediately. Many of the things have similar writing processes, even if they sound completely different." **Was it at Rustin's?** Montreal, 12-13 March www.teeel.com

Three calls for works: French experimental music festival **Musiques** is looking for tape works on or around the theme of the body to be presented at the festival in Givet, France in August. The idea is to recognize that the human being will always play the central role in music-making, though musicians rely increasingly on computers and mechanical means of sound production. Composers may submit up to two works on CD (not

CD-R or DVD-R) and/or DVD. Deadline for submissions is 28 February. www.wet-sounds.com
Submit to: Peter Ayscough has put out the call for submissions to the Deyted Music category. The competition is open to works of aural art, electronics and computer composition. Previous winners include Bernard Perrenoud, Carsten Nitske, Diane Rodriguez and Ales Tjeb. Deadline for entries is 6 March and juries are: Agnès sound art, murgue and **Wet Sounds** is looking for audio work, performance pieces and installations to take on their 2009 tour. **Wet Sounds** plays sound art through loudspeaker speakers at public evening events. Deadline for submissions is 9 March. www.wet-sounds.com

John Cale is due to represent Wales at the 2000 Venice Biennale of Art. A new audio-visual work made in Wales in collaboration with artists, film makers and poets. His combination will focus on his personal relationship with the Welsh language. The work will fill the exterior Copperstone space at the old brewery on the island of Gwynedd, home to Wales's last three pre-revolutionary waterfalls.

The nominations for the 2008 **Gawie** electronic music awards have been published. The shortlist includes Autachi, up for best album and D&S and Philip Jack, both up for Experimental Research awards. The show is also to receive the Misspound of the Year award at the ceremony in Paris in April. www.gawie.com/

George Clinton, Mervyn Shusterman and Mink DeVoe are among the stars featured in a new documentary **The Heart Is A Lonely Machine**, which analyzes the relationship between humanity and music throughout history. Directed by Christopher YOUNG, the film features a soundtrack by the Fleming Upt! Stone Dead. Producers DUSZ are the team behind the recent *Along Documentary*, about synthpop inventor Robert Moog and the forthcoming *Code Of Colors*, about the Morelans Black Metal scene. www.heartisalone.com

Chinese-American band, but **FMD** have created an iPhone application version of their Buddha Machine 1 D: the group's bestselling palm-sized loop player. The iPhone application is touch sensitive and features the nine original loops in high-resolution audio in all seven of the original colours. It follows hot on the heels of the Buddha Machine 2 D (see www.1011.com).

Florian Schneider has left Kraftwerk, almost 40 years after co-founding the group in Düsseldorf with Ralf Hütter. His departure does not come as a complete surprise: Schneider did not accompany the group on their 2005 tour. Fanscops believed the move untrue unless, but, according to the

group's website, Knifeworker set to continue without him. It also hints that Schneider has a subversion in the pipeline. knifeworker.com

Belgium's Sub Rosa are releasing a new DVD *Never Promised You A Rose*. Gordon, which is described as a portrait of **David Nop** via his record collection. Also due from the curmudgeonly label are a film portrait of Rein Paucour called *Asenoge Au Suvage*, and the *W&H Chemicals/Music* *Flouide*, all due this time in release in their thanks to The Mopars new website.

The Irish contributor **Seamus Reynolds** will be presenting a lecture on 'The Random Continuum' at Liverpool's FACT gallery on 11 February. Reynolds will outline for the first time the various streams of UK dance-music are united by a set of shared influences, including Jamaican soundsystem culture, digital technology, drugs and pirate radio. The event will also feature a discussion with *The Wire's* Acting Deputy Editor Mark Fisher and an audience Q&A session. fact.globe.com

Audio Party: A Berlin event conceived by Edward Baines and Elysa Gottsman addresses the paradigm shifts in the world of music production and consumption wrought by digital downloading and piracy. The show will be represented in panel discussions by Chris Bohn, David Keenan and Kristen Eschke. Concerts include performances of works by Stockhausen, Steve Reich, Cancon Nancauro and Mercurio, and sets by Hair Police, Modified Tru-Grooves, DJ Whiggle, Goodspeed and Fishhead Fishes. That is all, wrap from 8-10 February audiocore.org

James Innesmont, Flewitt and clannishness Missa Elisavinda, otherwise known as **Prince Lasha**, died on 22 December aged 79. Though he spent most of his career in relative obscurity, Lasha was an important figure in the free jazz movement of the 1950s. He performed with Don Mitchell-Colquhoun, with whom he went to school in Fort Worth, Texas. He also played with Eric Dolphy on Iron Mountain, and the then James & Jimmy Garrison (until on Mississippians), and he worked closely with Sonny Sharrock, with whom he recorded *The Crystal Experiments*. After being inactive for two decades he recently resurfaced on the GRIP release *The Wandering Drift* from Lasha.

London's Maggs Bros Book Fairs Ltd are exhibiting photos taken by **William S Burroughs** in London in the 1970s. Developed from negatives he gave to friends and biographer Barry Miles. Above show are Miles's photos of Burroughs from the same period, and others by Brian Eyster. Taken while they were living at the First Hotel in Paris. Complimentary Burroughs shows at London's October Gallery and the Royal Academy; the exhibition runs until mid-February. maggs.com

The eighth edition of the Mexican representative music festival **Fuente**, media-partnered by the *Wire*, will be taking place in Mexico City from 12 to 21 March. The festival features performances by (Kaj) Hong, Sun O.G., Jazkamar Dives, Ambarshi Nurse With Wound, Dento Mandel and more, plus lectures and workshops (cider.org.mx).

Leading Los Angeles-based **Betty Freeman** died of leukaemia in Los Angeles last 4 January aged 87. Over the years, Freeman commissioned some 400 pieces from more than 50 composers, including many well-known modern classical composers such as John Adams, a Mahler in China, Steve Reich's *Different Trains* and Harrison Birtwistle's *Antiphonies*. She also was the dedicatee of works by Luciano Berio, John Cage and Morton Feldman. She was Freeman who famously found Barry Parish living on the streets of Los Angeles and gave him shelter in her garage. She had trained as a concert pianist and set up a music school of her own in the 1950s, providing a focus for many of contemporary music's most important figures.

Boxer trumpetist **Paulie Hubbard** died in California on 30 December from complications following a heart attack earlier in the year. Hubbard was among the greatest jazz players of his generation, but unfortunately later helping to define the hard-bop and post-bop sounds of the 1950s. As well as his own records, *Another Room* for Paulie, his first collaboration with Wayne Shorter, Hubbard played on many of the great recordings of the era, including *Kind of Blue*, *Two for a Dime* by John Coltrane, *Harlem Nights* by Minton Beale and Shorter's *Speak No Evil*. He was also closely involved with the nascent Free Jazz scene – though he never embraced the music fully: he played on both Elmeria Coleman's *Free Jazz* and John Coltrane's *Azavara*. In the 1970s Hubbard released a string of unfairly tarnished albums, including *First Light*. Though he recorded less, he kept busy throughout the 80s, until he required his last surgery. Despite this setback, he recovered and continued to record and perform. He was awarded a Jazz Lifetime Award by the National Endowment for the Arts.

Archives live! The **Norman Group** is staging a live and rousing feature of some of the best soul legends on their Twilight's **Junior Robinson** compilation. The artists featured released records in the Twilight label in the 1950s and '60s, and while many went on to successful careers, others faded into obscurity. For some of the musicians, including **Beauregard**, **The Fred Robinsons** and **The Robinsons**, this will be the first time they have performed in more than 30 years. The show debuts at **Chicago's Park West Theater** on 4 April.

The Joined-up World of *The Wire*



Beek Street Bar

there's on us

New Items going up on *The Wire* is official site to subscribe with that said this issue include a series of exclusive articles commissioned to mark the publication this month of the magazine's 300th issue (see page 5 for details).

In addition there will be music from Resident Tapes, Mary Heilman and The Fragmented Ecstasy, an exclusive clip from Chris Pelt's *Radio City*, a new Be-Bop Blues Band video by New York artist Ian Thayer and more.

Also, you can enter competitions to win prizes for this year's Secret Festival which take a place at SecretFest between 18-20

June, and tickets to see Susan Reynolds performing at the Madison Court suite as part of the Qing-Qing and/or-music-as-a-part of Liverpool's FINE (see Out There), plus a copy of his new book *Society of the Mind*. To tie in with the Resident Continuance, there will be a book featuring a number of essays on the UK's electronic music underground written by Simon and published in *The Wire* between 2002-2008.

Also, don't forget to post your reviews towards The Portal, our daily update on all that is weird and wonderful in underground music online, with guest links from a host of subterranean musicians and artists.

The Wire

The Wire has a blog. Post your reviews for *The Wire* on the-wire.co.uk/blogs for some extra free insight on audience music and some free reviews staffers and contributors.

Advances in Modern Music

Resonance 104.4 FM

The Wire is a weekly show on the UK's only community arts radio station to broadcast across Central London on 104.4 FM every Thursday between 9-12.30pm, with simultaneous streaming at resonance.co.uk.

Recent editions of the show, complete with guest mixes, are archived at the-wire.co.uk/uk/advances to listen on downloadable MP3s or stream.

Issue 305

The March issue of *The Wire* will be on sale from 12 February

For more updates on what's happening in *The Joined-up World of The Wire*, sign up to *The Conduit*, our fortnightly newsletter, or subscribe to our RSS feeds, both at the-wire.co.uk

NO If you have problems finding copies of *The Wire* in the shops, please let us know by emailing sub@the-wire.co.uk. Or better still, take out a subscription (just to page 50 or post your review at the-wire.co.uk/uk/advances)

Trip Or Squeak

By Savage Pencil



Piano discovered in a Wesleyan Methodist chapel, Biddulph, Yorkshire



Matthew Bourne

Lost and abandoned pianos



Matthew Bourne

Jazz piano? Matthew Bourne has hunted down some of Yorkshire's most ancient and discarded pianos for a series of performances called *Songs From A Lost Piano*. The project, commissioned by Sound & Music, celebrates the role the piano has played in British social life over the centuries – as a feature of living rooms and pubs across the country around which people would gather and sing, and as the centerpiece of the music hall. “This project harks back to the days when the quality of a pianist’s baritone could win the pride and admiration of his family and community,” says Bourne, “an era when Britain’s living-rooms echoed with the strains of songs from the *Daily Express* Community Songbook – and if you were very lucky, pieces by Arnold Bax, Frank Bridge, York Bowen and Cyril Scott.” *Songs From A Lost Piano* has a dual purpose: to rehabilitate the abandoned pianos, restoring to them their lost status as mediums for entertainment, and to explore the new narratives created by the imperfections of their degraded state. For Bourne, the damage done to them has only improved their sound. His intention, he states, is “to explore these instruments and their sonic qualities for what they are, letting the out of tune notes, quirks and imperfections speak for themselves, rather than imposing conventional piano techniques on them.”

Bourne is the latest in a line of musicians to explore the resonances, both sonic and sociological, of the battered piano. Australian Ross Bolleter, who staged his *Battered Piano Concerto* at Manlygn Drive Park, York, Australia (see *The Wire* 200), is another. Yet the two artists’ interpretations of what the piano represents are very different. For Bolleter the piano, as an important part of the colonist’s household, has a sinister symbolic connotations specific to Australia’s history. “Battered pianos ring the bells at the heart of the colonial enterprise,” he writes in his book *The Well Withered Piano*, and in the music he makes he hears the suffering of a suppressed indigenous people. But it is striking that both musicians treat the piano as a vehicle to connect on Deliberate. Bourne

uses it vocally, in homage to a mode of communal music-making that has all but disappeared from British society. For Bolleter, the piano is a weapon in enthusiastic act of vengeance, to strike at the dark heart of Britain’s colonial past. But whereas Bolleter’s pianos have been neglected to the point of ruinousness, several of Bourne’s instruments have been worn down by a surfeit of affection. The much loved piano belonging to the Smiths, for example, was bought brand new in the early 1930s and has been passed down through the Smith family from generation to generation, providing a focal point for the village life of Sapperton, Leicester, for decades.

Bolleter and Bourne both recognise the piano’s ability to conjure ghosts from the past, and the individual stories behind each instrument are important to their work. But neither musician allows the past to dominate musically. Bolleter’s work synthesises both old school jazz motifs and contemporary improvisational and compositional stylings. *Songs From A Lost Piano* similarly acknowledges the piano’s past, “with a nod to the bygone era of living room music” as Bourne puts it, but this will be incorporated into a largely improvisational exploration of the instruments themselves, with the unusual textures produced by the crumbling instruments defining the flavour of the improvisation. Bourne will also be joined by two singers renowned for getting a contemporary spin on vintage modes: the classic operatic soprano Swanling Tsai and snuff-jazz vocalist Andrew Plummer. As for the keyboards, says Bourne, “for some it’s a chance for them to breathe some fresh air before they make their way back to the corners where they were hiding and for others it will be their last breath before being destroyed. Coxing trust from these instruments is a very special task,” he concludes. “It is an honour and a privilege to have been given the chance to do so.” □ *Songs From A Lost Piano* is on tour this month – see outthereartlinehouse.com. Rick Richards

Useful Channels

Slaps like *Stripped* (Buster Glass BusterGlass.com, busterglass.com) and *No Longer Forgotten Music* (250.com/blogpost.com) are great for reminding us how many possible musical trajectories in the troubled decade that was the 1950s were essentially extinguished and just as quickly abandoned. Postwar British Glass leans heavily on 1950s electronic dance soundscapes, including some using Steiffel vinyl I used to flick back week after week as a student, in the city's Ritz. *No Longer Forgotten*, and while most still sounds pretty awful, it turns out that there were some absolute gems. The *No Rain Me Somewhere Strange* EP from 1952 by The Surface Machine designs a future in which hard Funk, experimental dub and riotous Goth can safely co-exist. (Check out their drummer Neil's 1968 solo album *Sons Of Space And Music* if you want to see how the sensibility developed – it's another lost classic, somehow cutting across as a precursor to a genre that never actually came into existence.) No *No Longer Forgotten Music*, meanwhile, focuses on the bigger 123+ assembly unobtainable except for short-run cassette from the 1960s (American sub underground), which even again means means about value. As with the belated CD of today, the slight variety is what is often most prized, even as perhaps then the music contains. What's always been problematic is how the diversity of such objects results in their being never exchanged between sections of a narrow community and the absence of any need to communicate artistically (in the wider world of far often results in similarly self-isolated work).

Something weird happens to all this when it's suddenly up for grabs by billions of instant users, not only adequate all the things and suddenly down, but also material pushed in the case of each purchase a radically different agenda. When 430 uploads the new bedroom recordings of an early called *Frederick* (Dove an agency leaders 1982 cassette of their "first musical efforts") next to four out of print vinyl box sets by German electronic composer Roland Kayn – which contains some of the finest electronic music I've ever heard – it's a little like the old classic music to be understood. It's the liberation of the Frederick I tape (which is mostly or downgrading it available as to learn more (Frederick) is Kayn devoted by having his work presented alongside these soundtracks as does this lifting of the pattern of "serious music respectability" – the fact as a collection of several failures – represents a kind of deconstruction of the listening process? C.

Keith Harris



Davy Graham
Passing of a midnight man

The most remarkable thing about Davy Graham's death on 12 December 1995, from a seizure shortly after he was diagnosed with lung cancer, was the realization that everything the 68-year-old British guitarist was mourned for, he had achieved before the end of the 1960s. Graham was not have been the only teenager to explore the exotic climes of southern Europe and North Africa to escape British austerity at the end of the 50s, but he was certainly the first to bring back awareness of eastern value. The two tunings and ancient modes Graham picked up in Morocco were fed back into the burgeoning British folk scene, and Graham's formidable technique was copied by a generation that included Bert Jansch, John Renbourn, Martin Carthy and Jeremy Page.

Graham had cultural credentials wired into his genes. Born on 22 November 1940 in Hockley, Lancashire, his father was a Scot from the Isle of Skye, his mother from Gloucestershire in British Guyana (now Guyana). Graham took up the guitar around 1956, enthralled by the electric revolution and by the exotic tones he detected in the work of acoustic guitarist Slim Beeson, an ex-serviceman who taught himself while on duty in Greece and Egypt. Graham himself learned "Miserable" on his first album, 1963's *The Gutter Pinger*, by which time he had visited Paris, the Côte d'Azur, Greece and Morocco in pursuit of a seductive array of sounds. As early as 1958, when Ken Russell filmed his singing "Gypsy Me A River" for the BBC arts documentary *Round Dogs And Rock Addicts: The Gutter Crew*, an astounding technique was well formed. "Argy", the instrumental tune Graham wrote (it appeared on the 1961 Topic EP with Alexis Korner, 314 AD). Based around a deceptively easy descending four-chord sequence, the guitar was transformed into a sophisticated percussion machine. For British guitarists looking beyond Lennie Brewer's workmanlike skills the clue, "Argy" (later known as "Arg") presented a Gordon Lightfoot effect, once unpacked, held the secret of a agile, spacious mode of playing.

At the same time, it introduced the radical notion of alternate tuning. In Morocco, Graham had re-set his guitar strings to the configuration OMAGD, which introduced a new chord, ringing fluidly to the fretboard. Now Graham's steel strings could channel as unprecedented mix of "folk, blues and beyond" (the title of his 1965 LP), including jazz, flamenco, English folk songs, Indian ragas. Persian love songs, those the late song and Irish harp. Like American contemporaries John Fahey and Sandy Bull, here was the young artist as intellectual traveller, presenting the world on a six-string.

For aspiring folk progressives of 1965, the essential record was *Folk Roots*, *New Routes*, Graham's collaboration with English folk singer Shirley Collins. "The soul-searching melodies of The London Music are cheek by jowl with expansive British traditional themes and New Delhi has been added in Cool Shear's green and pleasant land," praised the *Observer*, but the album's aesthetic repositioning of a wholebound canon had a lasting effect on British folk culture.

The partnership, sadly did not last. Graham began using heroin around the end of 1964 – at home, it's been said, to his jazz heroes – and while he continued to build up an international songbook on his string of Decos tours during the remainder of the decade (*Midnight Miles*, *Large As Life And Live As Natural* and *North*), his voice slowly deteriorated and he included ill-advised stunts in continuing pay. His spent much of the '70s and 80s in comparative poverty and obscurity, as well as working for the mental health charity RAIN.

Spectators at Graham's concerts as late 2007 were treated to a kaleid of Celtic jigs, Spanish Breque sambas, flanged Roma man village dances and a string-up bawl. At night he played the male delectation of a man thinking as deeply into his music that knowledge had become an inconvenience. © Davy Graham, guitarist, 22 November 1940–12 December 1995
Reo Young

Martyn

By Lisa Blanning

Inner space bass



Martyn Degeers aka Martyn

"I always like to think my stuff is 'music for a week, but not every day,'" states Dutch producer Martyn Degeers, who links the futuristic of UK dance music with the warmth of digital/Sensum electronics. It's a sedately succinct description for the tracks he releases as Martyn. At once sensually tranquilizing and compulsively rhythmic, his work's mood of elegant reflection hints at the inner life of dance music.

For many, Martyn's remix of TRS's "Broken Heart" was their introduction to his work. It's the kind of track that transforms time and place into one memorable event. Its two-step dance imperative and revealing pitch-bent tones (due to an OWS record being switched between 30 and 45 rpm) soothe and enliven the Remission producer's original. "I personally put a lot of time in remixed," he explains. "I don't just throw all the samples over a part of mine. I like to rewrite the tracks completely. In most cases I'd like to jack that essence of the original track and write a new track around it." As notable as the track was, Martyn, a probing and instant messenger from his new home in the Washington DC area, confesses his ambivalence towards it: "You sometimes feel like you gave away a really good solo track. I try not to think about that too much though, but it does creep up. I'm just trying to stay confident that there's more where that came from, the [I] can channel my creativity and I'll be able to make other good tracks as well which would happen to be solo tracks."

After the success of *Guns*, it's clear that even remixers suffer existential angst. While Martyn's work is less starkly lapidary and more dancer-floor friendly than the London producer's, they share a similar aesthetic. No surprise to learn at Martyn's past as a draw 'N' bass fixture in his native land. He recalls, "How it always gets is, that if you wanted to play out as a DJ, you had to start your own night to get friends, so me and a few friends started a draw 'N' bass night called Red Zone. First at a tiny bar as a weekly, then we moved to bigger venues. In '97, Red Zone became a monthly night in a 700-person venue and we did it packed every time, with lots of great remixes coming through. Later it went to a 1500-person venue, so it was one of the big draw 'N' bass nights in the country." Red Zone lasted for 11 years in his hometown of Eindhoven, even though he ran it from Rotterdam when he moved there in 2001, but it wasn't until 2004 that he began to take his work as a producer seriously, working within the media he had already ingrained himself in, commenting, "I felt there was sort of a 'gap' in draw 'N' bass that I thought I could fill up."

Downplaying the success of the TRS remix, he is quicker to claim pride in his 2007 12" "Broken?"/"Shedovercoating." "That was the first non-draw 'N' bass release," he points out. "It showed that I could do more than just music that fits in the realm of 170-gpm spin." With a filtered synth pulse brought from the depths of Minimal Techno in "Broken" and the more overtly broken beat of "Shedovercoating", both tracks not only featured a slower tempo than his previous work, they also set a template for his own subsequent releases and dovetailed perfectly into the new direction for dubstep. Followed quickly by "Adapt?"/Twenty Four" (the first release for his own label 3024), and with the "Broken Heart" remix getting heavy dubplate play from the likes of Kode9, his short career as a producer had already found a niche. "Since I feel already been DJing for a long time before actually producing music, I guess I had quite a clear focus of what I wanted to achieve in my sound like," he muses. "I might explain why things went as quickly as they did." Two more 12"s released in 2005 ("All I Have Is Memories"/"Suburban", the debut release for Applejelly's Apple Pips label), and another for 3024 "Retreat Selection"/"Vincennes"), cemented his status as a leader in a marginalized dubstep, steered in two-step groove and washed in deep Techno effluvia.

With an upcoming album of completely new material and a DJ tour new skin to a group schedule, the 36-year-old producer could be accused of a degree of pragmatism as a reward for his profession. But to dismiss his music as utilitarian would be unjust. Via his blog (3024world.blogspot.com), Martyn shares the highest compliment he's ever received: an anecdote related to him by the instructor of a workshop based on DJing and MCing for a group of hard-core juveniles. After a particularly hot tempered session, the instructor played "Natural Selection" to cool the atmosphere, expecting a negative reaction from the group with a preference for "aggy" Grime. Instead, the youths were inspired to reflect, opening up and sharing personal tales of hardship. Whether it was the restless rhythm, subliminal bass or the pitched down, molasses vocals accented with a refrain of children's voices, the effect of introspective remembrance exacted toll on these youths. As Martyn says, "If you make music and it sparks something like that with people, if it triggers a certain emotion, or even the motivation to get out there and express themselves in whatever way... that is just great." □ Martyn plays London's FWD >> on 5 February. His debut album *Street Lengths* is out next month on 3024.

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Mary Halvorson

By Philip Clark



Mary Halvorson

People person

The snag with being indelibly linked to a duo partner is that your creative identity can be sucked into being a third thing — you, plus your partner, equaling an essential passage. If that hypothesis holds water, then New York guitarist Mary Halvorson is vulnerable on two counts. For the past five years she has played cello with Kevin Sherr's cello-bag-drumming in the ironic punk duo People, while creating squigglely whine-aloud chamber music with violist Jessica Pavens. The two groups make radically different music, but both trade off dark, plausibly-stretching humor to make their point.

But then Halvorson releases her own record, *Dragon's Head* (Freehouse 12), and there are no jokes, not a single one, unless you count the final moments of "Sink Silver Purple White", where her trio generates a huge climax which Halvorson brings over with a single nasal-guitar chord. That's a bit funny. Otherwise the rest of Halvorson composed here, with John Herbet (bass) and Clint Smith (drums), is a serious-minded study in structures and melodic progression evolving over harmonic patterns that never settle into the risk-take routine of conventional changes jazz. Is this the real Halvorson?

"The album is certainly where my compass is at," Halvorson suggests, or we meet at her favorite SoHo cafe the day before Thanksgiving. "People is like this strange world that I step into once in a while. My role is to hold down the rhythm and structure while Kevin improvises, so I'm the drummer and he's the guitarist. In the group with Jessica, we like to think we're writing our own folk songs. But *Dragon's Head* is me putting together everything I know how to do."

Halvorson, now 26, was brought up in Boston, where she had a textbook musical awakening. Pondering her father's record collection led her to Thelonious Monk, Miles Davis and John Coltrane, but it was her discovery of Jimi Hendrix that nudged her towards the guitar at the age of 12, making up for an uneasy childhood break with the classical violin. So far nothing unusual, but then Halvorson decided she needed to strengthen her technique (which she did at the New School of Jazz and Contemporary Music in Manhattan) so she could just forget about it, and focus on the creative liberation that Anthony Braxton instilled into her at Wesleyan University in Connecticut.

"At New School," Halvorson recalls, "I felt a lot of students lost themselves in technique. At Wesleyan, you can be a music major and never touch an instrument, your focus might be on electronics or ornithology. Braxton's own ideas about notation, and deciphering his own notations, was mind-expanding and I realized there are no limits."

We're meeting downtown so that Halvorson can take the coach to Boston to celebrate Thanksgiving with her family, a journey for which album by Lee Morgan and Wayne Shorter's most self-consciously experimental and hard-hitting record, *The All Seeing*

Eye, have been downloaded on to her iPod. "Jazz" is a challenging, potentially problematic word for many thinking musicians of her generation — how relevant is it to Halvorson? "Oh, I think about jazz all the time," she responds, "and although I don't play the traditional forms, I call myself a 'jazz musician.' After jazz school I took a substantial, eight-year break from the music and explored experimental rock, soul and folk music — Robert Wyatt obsessed me for a while year — but now I'm rediscovering my roots in jazz and trying to integrate everything into my own language."

After two albums, *People* and *People and People*, numerous recordings with Braxton (including the *Indigo* box set and his recent *Quartet* [Missouri] 2000), *Dragon's Head* is Halvorson's debut leading from the front. The guitar/bass/drums line-up is, of course, an archetypal format with its many weighty historical associations as you care to find, but Halvorson's thoughtful approach compels all involved to redefine their roles. Instead harmonic changes are paraded but then stayed out, as harmonic concertos and fragments, allowing pure sound to take over where music left off. The music is dry and angular, obliquing the ear to focus on the quality of the extended itself. It's tempting to suggest that Halvorson transforms bass and drums into an extension of her guitar, but the elephant in the room is that, actually, she doesn't sound that much like a guitarist herself.

"The traditional jazz guitar trio is a turn off," Halvorson asserts. "The bass has always been my favorite instrument, and I hunted down the largest and heaviest guitar I could find to make me sound like a bass player." Could there be a causal link between Halvorson's smacking of changes-based jazz and her dislike of slick guitar playing that normally feeds off some? "Quite possibly. During my time away from jazz, I built my own exercises and scales, trying to find structures that didn't have to do with what I was taught at jazz school. I used an intentionally approach based on stacked intervals, and that fundamentally transforms the sound of the guitar. I think caution to the end, trying to compose without thinking about it too much. Thinking sometimes hinders me. If I think I'm going to compose a piece in a particular way, I normally go wrong, so I try not to think about it — and actually it's not hard for me not to think about it."

Those days keep coming back: the early part of 2000 sees a new duo album with *People* on Thrust Car and a third *People* recording, the one featuring brass arrangements by Peter Evans. In the meantime, Halvorson is proud of what *Dragon's Head* achieved, but is pushing deeper into the space she's opened up. "The music I've written for my trio since the record goes further into this system of changes and speeded-forces. What you're hearing is strong repeating patterns, underneath a surface that never stays still." Re-engaged jazz: changes is cooling to Amends. □ *Dragon's Head* is out now on Freehouse 12

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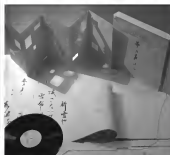
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Hamilton Yarns

By Julian Cowley

"After a live show, someone came up and said that our music was like people in a post-apocalyptic world, who had stumbled across instruments and were trying to work out what to do with them," says Brighton-based poet and Hamilton's player Alastair Strachan. In 2000 Strachan and fellow multi-instrumentalist Ian Paxon formed Hamilton Yarns — less a group than a different way of looking at things.

Currently sharing their quirky perspective are percussionist Marion Duprez and accordionist Jocelyn Colvett. But, as Paxon explains, "Whoever is in Hamilton Yarns is in Hamilton Yarns, even if that's a one-off. It might start with recording someone's voice; next, they play a show with us, and if they enjoy doing it, they stay." Despite that openness, their own releases to date on their own Dark Label — most recently *Search For the Underwater Town* (2007) — doesn't remarkably cohere or pattern of discovery.

Hamilton Yarns make music through the looking-glass, tapping in sound and fragments of a parallel universe where familiar components appear in fresh light, using a range of mainly acoustic instruments, extending to glassware, steel pens and toy planes, they play simple melodies with modest skill. "Everyone is happy not doing much," Paxon remarks. "Strongly, that's a wider parental than if everyone needed to express the message creatively. We have songs, but it's the bits in between that interest me more. That's often where the real music happens, in the unknown. In my individual songs are just building blocks for a big picture."

The resulting sound is unique, but Hamilton Yarns belong in the company of beguiling visionaries such as Robert Wyatt, Lou Carter, Pascal Comelade or early Henry Cow. Paxon and Strachan enjoy the avenger's craft of Alan Byrne Parks, the drag underworld of the late Oliver Postgate's TV animations for children and the naive artistry of musicals staged in village halls. They're an inspiration direct from the countryside and Brighton, its scruffy outskirts and the unfurling South Downs. They are drawn to what Paxon calls "those quiet in-between places where something is about to happen."

Hallering, on Iron Age hill fort overlooking the town, is depicted at sunset in Paxon's cover drawing for their 2006 vinyl release *Show Road, Over*. In a world where heretofore place increasingly dissolves into featureless space, Hamilton Yarns embrace locality. Like the best folk musicians they recognize that places have tales to tell. Sometimes those tales can be bizarre, as in *An Air-Cure* (2004), where a swan becomes a man and then reveals: "Sometimes it's simply a matter of listening." Our recordings include things I've been doing around or trees in the wind," Strachan observes. "It can come as a relief to hear the world going about its business in the middle of an album — it suggests

you're not just listening to what's going on in someone else's head."

Their music has been described as 'one rock'. "The instruments we started out with were mostly pre-rock," Strachan acknowledges. "And we generally got as far as rock had never happened. Sometimes we use electric keyboards, but we really like instruments that you have to grapple with, physically, to make them work." The age-old practice of spinning yarns is at the heart of their songs. "Often we regard instruments as characters in a scene," Strachan continues. "In some songs the dimer, accordion, cornet and guitar will enter one by one, until they are all on stage, ready to tell the tale. Sounds and rifts become characters too — a guitar line on the last CD sounded like a hobbling old man." Singing voices hold such of the spirit and charm of Hamilton Yarns. Everybody sings. Their interplay forms a composite narrative. "The only stylistic constraint is, as long as you speak," adds Paxon.

"Some music can be described as one-note," he continues. "I think of our sound more as a picture book. It's two-dimensional in a way, but happily it gets up in people's imaginations." In performance, Hamilton Yarns sometimes present slide shows. "Bird Day" is a half-hour story, told while hand-drawn illustrations are projected onto a screen and the musicians improvise. On occasion they use puppets. Like Paxon's drawings that accompany the recordings, these elements are integral to the storytelling.

There's an ulterior motive, though. Paxon and Strachan are keen improvisers. That's undoubtedly reflected in the shifting alignments of musicians beneath the banner of Hamilton Yarns. In performance they aim to stay faithful to whatever they have made under that name, but they like to allow the spirit of improvisation to filter through. "The part of live music that keeps you on tenterhooks — where's this going next? — is what we like," Strachan confesses. "We try to carry the lower into the songs."

Paxon notes that some audiences might feel uncomfortable with the prospect of free improvisation, "but if you put images to sounds, and give it a context, everyone feels welcome. Humor goes a long way too. It's as serious or funny as you want it to be, and both reactions are entertaining for us."

After a recent flurry of recording, Hamilton Yarns have several releases in the offing: a CD, a mini-CD and an LP vinyl EP of electric piano tunes entitled *Belongs in Black And White*. Along with earlier *Black Releases*, they will essentially read discovery. "We released early on," says Strachan, "that what we do thrives in quiet places like back gardens and community halls, spaces where people can come to the music in their own time, rather than having us project it at them. It's not music you can force on the world, it's something that listeners are best left to find for themselves." □

hamiltonyarns.co.uk



Hamilton Yarns (left to right): Alastair Strachan, Jocelyn Colvett, Marion Duprez, Alastair Strachan

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Ramin Sedghi

Tehran

Lucinda Dunn and Nina Sharyghin hear pure Persian modes on a crash course with modern fusions in Iran's combustible New Music scene



Narwan Palace in North Tehran built by the last Shah of Iran, is surprisingly understated as *Shehr-e-palace* goes off its seque during the Revolution in 1979, but its new life has been somewhat revolutionary as well, albeit of a different variety. On a late summer evening in 2003, the palace gardens held a crowd of over 7000 for three consecutive nights of unprecedented "East meets East" musical exploration. The Armenian master of the *duduk*, *Rajae Gasparian*, and his main counterpart, *Rezaei Akoladeh*, a virtuoso on the *tar* and *setar* (six- and four-string lutes) and an *ostad* (master) of Persian music, met with their respective orchestras on stage for the first time that night. Gasparian began by wrapping his melismatic *duduk* around Akoladeh's compositions and improvisations on his newly designed instrument, the *saffarian*, and the recording of this "fusion" of Armenian and Iranian classical music was so astounding, it would go on to become the Grammy-nominated album *Endless Woven*, released by the Hermes label.

Possessing Iranian music projects of this kind have become the hallmark of Hermes, thanks to the inspiration and vision of owner and executive Ramin Sedghi. Over the past seven years, Sedghi has almost singlehandedly built a much-needed platform for artists and fans of genuinely experimental Iranian music, producing 41 albums with some of Iran's best independent labels. These have included East meets East projects such as the album *Dobroch*, a collaboration between Bulgarian Veselista Mitrev and Iranian *Mohevan* Koushansafar's experiments in film music such as *Guyup Mohevan* by Ali Reza Akhlaghi and *Shewars* by Payman Vahdani, and dubbing the first Persian opera *Shahzadeh* and *Solmaz* (based on Ferdowsi's poetry), performed by The Armenian Philharmonic Orchestra. Other labels such as *Avaye Sarbad*, *Avayan Kiklar* or *Avaye Doost* and *Mehr* or *Mehr* have contributed to the scene. But Sedghi's focus and consistency in experimenting has undoubtedly have earned Hermes unique brand

recognition among listeners and artists alike.

"It is the only thing I can be proud of," says Sedghi in the course of our conversation at the Hermes headquarters in Tehran. "[With Hermes] they have the minute belief that there must be something special in it even if they can't personally relate to it." Hermes fans' loyalty is aptly reflected in its artists, who specifically seek Sedghi out when deciding to push their expressive boundaries outside the mainstream pop and classical music scenes.

led by recognition came in 2006, when Hermes was named Record Label of the Year at the 32nd Fay International Music Festival. But all the experimentation has been met with resistance from an internal core of Iranian classical purists. "Those who believe in the Iranian Radif system as being the heart of Persian music, and that you shouldn't change it or make experiments on it, want to put it in a safe box and throw away the key. They are not keen on Hermes, they say it is ruining Persian music," Sedghi explains. The Radif system is a well-preserved, centuries-old framework that endorses the entire Persian classical music tradition. Its 32 *dastgah* (modes), each with seven tones, are said to provide the scope for infinite improvisation and personal expression. The entire landscape of music in Iran is taught, studied and understood through this system.

But some years ago, a small group of musicians, including Rezaei Akoladeh, multi-instrumentalist and virtuoso *kortobeh* player Kayvan Kabiri, and, more recently, Masoud Shams, were looking to complement their old school training by "building up dialogues" with other styles. While preserving those elements unique to Iranian classical music, such as the quarter-note, they began experimenting with the Radif system by blending it with Western classical, jazz, blues and *fado*, or other musical genres. Considering the different musical influences in Iranian music, it's surprising that the experimentation of this kind has been so long in the gestation. Sedghi sees Hermes's role as to "protect and preserve" this movement, its role as

to expand it into even more abstract areas where the Radif system is consciously broken down.

In terms of "dialogues", the album *Journey*, written and performed by setar player Shayan and arranged by French-Iranian composer Christophe Kera, marked "a real turning point" for Hermes, says Sedghi. "From that point people believed something was actually happening here." The album merges haunting melodies from the old modal system with jazz and electronic. Each track draws its emotional landscape from one of the Radif system modes, but the tabla and electric guitar accompaniments, in particular Mary Gholaei's cleverly blended electric guitar improvisations, and the use of environmental recordings of *bozorgi* life, transcend the old melodies to striking effect.

Hermes has also attracted and nurtured emerging musicians seeking to move into realms of expression beyond the Radif modes. Sedghi sessions Afghan, an extraordinary *tombak* (the principal Persian drum percussion instrument) player from Shiraz, whose album *Golestan* attempts to tell the story of the creation of life through an ambitious orchestration of between five and 18 *tombak*, all played by Afghans. The more recent album *Koneh Fardous* by Tehran Experimental Devices demonstrates the modes to the point of disorientation. And finally the album *Now And Then* by Alireza Mirzazadeh – a series of duets for *setar* (a 12-string *kamancheh* derivative) and *tombak* – almost feels like a series of personal conversations sounded through a solidified deconstruction of the modal system's rhythmic structures.

These are some of the "members of the family", as Sedghi describes them, and, he says, "we should give them more time", for he believes they could put Iranian music on the world stage, possibly in the same way that Iranian music flourished in the 1950s and '60s. "Iranian music has this new [avant-garde] music culture for the next two or three decades. I'm not the Minister of Culture, but as much as I am able to, I will walk in this path." □ bit.ly/18888888



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Sound in other media

The Fragmented Orchestra construct a giant pulsating electronic brain at **Ding>>Dong** the Liverpool exhibition at the crossroads of art and technology. By David Stubbs



Reconstructing The Fragmented Orchestra

Ding>>Dong is an ongoing sound and audiovisual exhibition in Liverpool which this month will take in a talk by The Who's Simon Reynolds entitled "Theory Of The Random Construct", and a new live piece. Code, by Liverpool resident Phil Jack. Ding>>Dong opened last December at RCT (Foundation for Art and Creative Technology), which is the sort of available social vortex for the arts-minded which a larger metropolis like London, in its sheer diffuseness, lacks. The Liverpool post-punk scene benefited from the fact that most of its creative players had only one club, Eric's, to go to – a place where they could rub shoulders and create friction. The spirit of that consciousness lives on at these galleries.

Take *Energy Safe*, for example, conceived by Factory Records designer and artist Peter Saville. Andy McDuckley of Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark and Remo Remedios, who headed the group Remo & The Dances, it's a gallery juxtaposition of music and images of all the great natural and industrial forces that could vibrate into power generation, from giant cooling towers acting as screens to the shadows of the clouds they are belching, to banks of cloud rolling slowly over Welsh moorlandscapes, precipitating into the glittering rivers a melting through the valleys. It's essentially a 19th-century-inspired type of praise to the landscape of the North West of England. McDuckley's score is underpinned by powerwings of brass and drums, but the somewhat flat, rock-symphonic airs to which he ascends are idiosyncratic in their certainty. Fortunately, the sheer strength of the moving images pushes the music into the background. These images, shot against bright blue skies, watchworthy tedious, incarnate notion of the mundanely North as one grimly slugs. Believe it or not, there are few more arresting seaside sights than a personer glint, with all their tubular, metallic accoutrements, like some gigantic 3D sculptures. The natural and manmade forms represented in *Energy Safe* are still an active, forceful part of the landscape. We are not post-industrial yet.

Next, The Fragmented Orchestra, comprising Jason Gent, John Matthews and Nick Rye. Their installation

consists of 24 speakers suspended in a defined room, each transmitting live sounds picked up by microphones and transmitted via the internet from a variety of locations across the UK – London's National Portrait Gallery, the Broom's Passage Museum in Norwich, from schools, observatories and locations as far afield as Devon and Derby – and sports stadiums. Says Matthews, "We wanted to choose sites which exhibited rhythms on different timescales. So a football ground is pretty quiet except for a Saturday afternoon every two weeks. The school hall gets loud in the morning and at lunchtime, and the sounds from Broom's Passage museum are more domestic – wind, rain." The arrangement, a sort of "neural network", is meant to mirror the function of the human brain and the way it processes sound. It's a real-time version of the Neurospander Sampler, a piece of software which members of The Orchestra developed to simulate the "wiring and firing" which takes place in the cerebral cortex and the complex, rhythmic interrelationships that ensue. "Eachable has a neuron to simulate 24 fires when the volume is over a certain level and then when the neuron fires it also lets a tiny part of the audio through to its speaker at RCT, while also sending spike signals to all of the other neurons," says Matthews. "You can therefore hear the neurons communicating with each other – they appear to set each other off across the speaker installation."

At the time of writing the gallery, voices emerged often in plus-pluses, as if the technology is not quite functioning or in grand, overwhelming blasts, such as the organ from St Andrew's church in Fulham Fields, or not at all. There is a sea heeled up at Goodison Park, Everton's football stadium. Crowds at sports events, although recognizable, behave in a singularly unpredictable way. Was that the aspect? The eulogies between the flow of information across the cortex and the idea of the crowd having multiple parts forming a whole is at the core of the choices for both Everton Football Club and the Millennium Stadium, says Jason Gent. "Obviously the magnitude will affect the 'cortex' as a whole, raising the overall sensitivity of the sound for that time period. But even if I love

the idea of this fluid sound coming from the games being fragmented and overlaid, I guess this will extend all of those subtle ripples and changes of sound, pervasiveness mixed with expectation. With speech there are gaps and pauses, with thousands of people all shouting and singing in time, you can't hear the gaps, just a huge wave of sound."

So rhythmic and specific are these sounds that it's left to chance just how well you'll be rewarded from your visit here – but there is a strange, radio-free's delight when, for instance, the sounds of a school party in a London gallery break down the wires, unimpeded even in the era of media supersaturation. Perhaps that's down to the context of the gallery, with its heightened air of attentiveness.

There are a number of smaller, interactive installations in which recent technologies are showcased. *Flora*, for example, is a program whereby the user can create improved sound by manipulating 20 images on a game-style console. Tobias Rabe's *The Fractal Project* is an interface device whereby you can manipulate one body, and that of others, into a percussive instrument, a drum trigger. All of these are indicative of the societal shift from passive spectatorship to the pseudo-creative, pseudo-active culture of computer games, Rock Star, etc. Sound art is becoming an increasing staple of galleries, as old relationships, assumptions and barriers slowly collapse, to do traditional notions of where sound should be broadcast from, how and by whom.

And yet the feeling remains that passivity is not to be given up lightly. Take Ray Lee's *Sweeps*, three triads containing speakers hanging just above the entrance to the gallery's cafe. Storing digital information, they are art in motion at regular intervals, unleashing a brief, sonic shower of ambient electronics that hums voices about the quiet joy of this location. As an installation, it's remote, out of touch and beyond the manipulative control of the listener. It's just there. And the it's still something to be said for all that, © Ding>>Dong: Sleeps, Bangs And Electronic Noises at RCT Liverpool to 22 February rct.org.uk

Invisible Jukebox

Each month we play a musician or group a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on – with no prior knowledge of what they are about to hear. This month it's the turn of

James Plotkin

Tested by Phil Freeman. Photography by Brad Harris

Black Sabbath

"Into The Void"

From Master Of Reality (1970)

Oh, yeah, Black Sabbath.

How big an influence was Sabbath?

It's weird, the first vinyl record I ever bought was Sabbath (Ready, Set, Rock!), but I never bought another one after that. I don't think it's that big a direct influence on what I've done. I mean, I really only bought it for the cover – it freaked me out.

Where did the idea for Khazax come from, then?

It's hard to say. The only thing I was conscious of during that time was trying to keep it really minimalist, but at the same time dense. The first album was pretty chaotic, there wasn't too much space on that record. But I think people tend to overthink Khazax, and think there's some huge concept going on with it, when there really wasn't. We started putting together stuff without really discussing anything. I mean, there were a couple of phone conversations between me and O'Malley where we first started, but we had spoken to each other maybe twice before we actually borrowed somebody's recorder and started recording the first album. So I mean, that band just sort of took on a life of its own after the first record, and things just happened naturally. There wasn't really a master plan or anything with Khazax, it just kind of flowed at one point.

It must have been incredibly difficult to play that stuff.

If you actually saw what was going on onstage, there's all sorts of visual cues coming from different people at any given point. A lot of it is cues from the drums, and then there are a lot of cues where there are no drum accents, where me and Stephen would look at each other and decide when there was going to be some movement. But obviously, there was really no way to sort of follow any tempo or metre or rhythm. It was more of a back and forth visual cue system that worked out pretty good, I guess.

Jörg Böttner

"Energy Flash"

From Sonic (1992/1996)

Jörg Böttner: This is one of my favourite 12"s. Tony Bennington at the time told me to throw this one at you.

Really? I wonder how he knew. I haven't really been overly verbal about being into early Techno.

Well, apparently you were an active compiler.

Oh, yes, yeah. I used to work at Cafe Bounce, a

James Plotkin is one of the busiest men in American underground music, sitting – frequently behind a mixing board or a laptop – at the intersection of Metal, leggy Noise, Dark Ambient and Industrial. A New Jersey native, he first emerged as one half of the grindcore act Regurgitation, which mutated into Old Lady Drivers/O.D., releasing three albums and one of the first Metal mini collections all on cassette Records in the late 1980s and early 1990s. From 2000 to 2006, he played bass – alongside guitarist Stephen O'Malley of Sunn O))), vocalist and former D.O. partner Alan Dukes, and drummer Tim Wiskela – in the improvisatory Death Metal quartet Khazax, which released two albums (the self-titled debut and Things Viol), and the Capture 4 Release EP, along with a number of limited run live CDs and DVDs. From 2002–2003, he made two albums with his Phantasmasher project, a grindcore-meets-dill-o-bass trio featuring vocals by DJ Speedbreach and drums by Dave Weir of Desecration Ave. Burnt By The Sun, Human Remains, Melt Bismore and several dozen other grindcore/hardcore groups.

As a solo artist, Plotkin has released several albums in a dark electronic vein, alongside collaborations with John Zorn, Mike Harris, Mark Spybey, Roshid Gamel (master and OK Kula). He's mixed tracks by Ice Cube, Gertrude, Iggy & the New Wave, Neil and Hawkwind, among others, and is constantly in demand behind the scenes, producing, mixing and mastering records for artists all across the post-Metal, post-Industrial continuum. His most recent project is the Archive DVD label, which documents live performances by the likes of Kryst, Mock Barr and Jaga near psych-rock legends Koolhaas. Currently, he's preparing the first Khazax release and has formed a new group, Jodie, with Aaron Turner of Isis and Tim Wiskela.

The jukebox took place at Plotkin's Hoboken, New Jersey apartment, under the watchful eye of his Mack pug.





record store in Manalapan [New Jersey]. I worked there for a couple of years on weekends, and it was right around the time that RMS was in full swing, and I was just starting to get into Aphex Twin and the early C.U. related stuff and whatnot, and [the owner] was putting together a Techno compilation through some really dodgy label, and asked me if I wanted to do a track. And I didn't know what the hell I was doing — I didn't even have any decent recording gear. I think I did that on a four-track or something. It's something I'd prefer to be forgotten, or at least heavily obscured.

Automation

"Astral After Gels"

From *Moore Dub-Inflection Part 1* (Single) 1995

I have no idea what this is.

It's a Bill Laswell track on Kevin Martin's first *Moore Dub-Inflection* compilation.

Oh right, right. I never really got into Laswell's stuff, to be honest. I mean, there are records that he's on that I love, but I don't know, there was just something — I don't want to be slapping people off, but there's just something really flat about everything that I've heard that belonged exclusively to him. I'm a big fan of Last Exit, but as a producer, he gets all these great people in a room and it all winds up sounding like one big album.

Right, right. There was always something that bothered me about that way of working — having all of these competent people to work together and then not really have anything too mapped out, as far as the direction of the project. It seemed like a lot of that sort of Downtown New York stuff became like that, at some point. And, like, the John Zorn shows where it's just a clusterfuck of amazing musicians onstage creating something that was entirely unlistenable... you know?

Pain Killer

"Portland"

From *Butt Of A Nigger* (Cassette) 1990

Yeah, *Pain Killer*. 15 years ago, when people like Mick Harris would be in town and he'd stay with me and then he'd have recording sessions, he'd invite me to come along, so I was able to hang out at Laswell's studio while this cool stuff was going on. I remember watching a lot of the Pain Killer recordings. So regardless of whether I liked what Laswell was doing or not, it was definitely a huge influence being able to watch all that stuff going down, especially being able to watch how he worked in the studio. That was way more valuable than the stuff that I've heard on record. It was always more interesting to watch it happen than to listen to the results.

So is that how you hooked up with Zorn for *DLB's Lo Plus Tube*?

Yeah, that was just through Mick Harris. I guess it was probably during the time that that album was recorded that I met Zorn. I think it was Sunny Likier who played the first *Naked City* recordings for me, and that stuff blew my mind. It was like my dreams had been answered at the time. I was always looking for the most fucked-up, like, ultra-speed kind of Metal.

that at that time didn't really exist. And the smashing together of a ton of different genres of music. And then I heard that it was exactly what I had been looking for. That was definitely a really influential period, because he was pushing a lot of boundaries at that time.

Did you feel at all of place, coming into the Downtown scene as a Metal kid from New Jersey?
None of us [in OLO] was listening to Metal any more, we were starting to get into a lot more out-types of music, but I definitely didn't fit in with the Downtown New York scene. I was much younger than everybody, like 16 or 17, and everybody else was in their late 20s, early 40s, and they'd be referencing all this stuff. I remember going out to lunch with Zorn and Robert Quine and just not knowing what the hell they were talking about. Listening stuff but not really being able to be part of any conversation. Zorn helped us out in the studio. I remember doing some live stuff at the old knitting factory on Houston Street, and I was part of Death Cab for Cutie for one European tour, but I definitely felt out of place with the whole thing. To be honest, what dragged us into that scene was Zorn and a few people, when they started making really extreme music. It didn't last, I mean, that whole scene sort of dried up at one point anyway.

Heartfelt

"Guitars In The North"

From *Guitars In The North* (Capricorn), 1996

That's [Heartfelt]. First track from *Guitars In The North*. That's my favourite Black Metal album. Everything from the cover to the chies. I think that sort of embodies what it's all about right there. The second and third records [Pure Hellcat and *Guitars In The North*] are really the only ones I can listen to. The third one has this absolute noise to it, it sounds like they came up with it on the spot. There's something about all this newer syncretic and overproduced Black Metal—the thought of a bunch of guys in a room spending weeks rehearsing parts and writing parts is sort of not really what it's about, in my opinion. I want it to be as off the hook as possible, with as much disregard for everything. I mean, rehearsing? That's not Black Metal. Perfecting your parts? That's not Black Metal. It's about just grabbing an instrument and pummeling it and coming up with the sort of desperate fuck-out possible, as aggressive as possible—stuff like *Black Throne*. As underproduced and as violent as possible.

Razor X Productions Featuring Gitty Tanks

"Bacon Bees Crawl"

From *Killing Sound* (Dopebox), 2006

This was [my] straight dancehall, is it?

It's described as being as tough as Kevin Martin.
That's what I thought. It sounded a little bit too heavy to be pure dancehall. It sounded like some of the stuff that he and Justin [Broadnick] did. Is Justin involved in that recording?

No, it's a track he and The Rootmen produced for Gitty Tanks.

Yeah. I would have been really baffled if you'd just

started pulling out some random dancehall tracks, without these being some kind of angle.

I interviewed Martin and he gets really touchy about the question of exploitation—he doesn't want people to think he's piggybacking on dancehall culture at all.

I think it's just part of his musical culture, that guy. I mean, for one thing, he's British, and that stuff was just huge over there, so he's probably genuinely a huge fan of all that stuff. I'm sure he's just bringing his favourite artists to work with, which if you can do something like that, it's great.

Have you ever worked with him or Justin?

I've never worked with them, but I knew the guys and I'm pretty friendly with Justin. I used to go over his place occasionally when I was doing something in England, ten to 15 years ago. Especially Justin, he was involved in so many things that were huge deals to me, like Head Of David, and he had engineered Skid recordings, who were one of my favourite bands in the 80s. He would always hook me up with really great recordings. I have a copy of the original version of Head Of David's *Guitarbox*, before Skid got his hands on it, and it was so much heavier than the Albion mix. It was the difference between Metal and indie, really. But I've never done any work with either of them. Not by choice, just two paths not crossing.

Recently I've been making new connections with people that I should have crossed paths with 20 years ago. Like I recently met Scott Kelly from *Reveries*. But I'm not exactly the most social guy in the world, so it's not a big surprise that I didn't want a lot of people

SK Mall with Fred Frith

"Where We End"

From *Sister Openness* (The Greenery), 2005

This is Japanese, right? Is it Japanese?

It's a collaboration between Mall and Fred Frith.
Right, right. I don't really listen to that kind of stuff any more, but it was huge to me back when it was being released. I can't really assign large quantities of it. I certainly fuck with your services system after a while. I don't understand how Mercedes has any being left at this point. There's got to be some real damage there.

Was that influential to you? What did you learn from it, as an audio guy?

I've not seen anything can be learned, other than sometimes it's okay to just disregard recording quality. I've never really not consciously anyway incorporated any of that into anything I've done. That was more for rehearsal, putting on one of these records. I mean, I have actually used Mercedes records to annoy neighbours and stuff like that, so for that purpose it's golden, maybe 15 minutes at a time just to get some sort of rush out of it, really. Anything that picks that stuff apart is a really philosophical manner, I don't know. The stuff Karanasek were doing back in the day could definitely be considered performance art, but people have done this with thousands too, trying to apply some philosophical filter to the stuff, but I just don't buy it. Maybe it's completely off base and there's some sort of societal statement to that, but I don't know

When people listen to something that's really over the line, the impulse is to attach some weight to it, because if there wasn't it some significance to what you're doing, you'd be playing, like, Grind Funk Railroad.

Yeah, or maybe they just need to justify the 50 bucks they spent on some record that sounds like shit. I don't know.

Fushitatsu

"Gutted"

From *Live It* (PSP), 1998

Fushitatsu, from *Live It*.

Now this is one where there's definitely some larger scheme. Heino's very serious about what he's doing.
Oh, yeah. The amount of effort that went into finding these release back when the stuff wasn't really readily available—I remember I used to get recording budgets for OLO records, and say "Fuck the studio", and I'd go straight to Karl's first mail shop in New York and see what new PSF records they had and speed half the recording budget on CDs.

I think I forgot that record from the last order with it, Japan Overseas.

I used to order from them, too, yeah. I used to order stuff like *Sodomex* cassettes. That was obviously pre-Internet; you'd get a mail-order catalogue and say, "I'm gonna be broke for the next two months, cause you had to order it all at once or it would disappear instantly."

The first time I ever saw Heino was at CCB, with Zorn and BFD or Die.

Yeah, OLO played that show. We might have been the first or second band, I think. I remember because Heino needed to use an amp, and I had my amp there, and I'd do all my amps. It was completely fucked up and barely worked. And he turned it all the way up, and when you did that to that particular amp it started cutting out, and he's standing there looking my amp, and I'm going, "That's awesome, King Heino's looking my amp." I was sort of psyched about it.

Scorn

"Black Box"

From *Spit* (Eardrum), 1998

That's a Mosh Room beat.

Yeah, it's from *Spit*.

Yeah, right, that's a good one. I like that one a lot. It's sort of a sad story with Scorn, because Evencevance was like the major breaking point for the band, and after that everything fell apart. I think Bill went to prison for a while, and being in a band with Mosh and tearing was sort of raising our red flag, so we decided to quit that out too. I was in the band for Evencevance, I did the album and all the touring. That record sold really well, and the gigs were heavily frequented, lots of people showed up and it was sort of bringing them into a different world than the first two records. It started getting out to sort the mainstream, but there were pop elements in that record that definitely helped them appeal to a lot more people. So it sort of from a point where they could have hooked up with a major, or gotten some real

support from Ennache, so it being a one-man project that was just a little bit too elevating for people who don't need to get a lot out of music. Like me, I think is a very anti-social person, and when he's left to his own devices with no other involvement from anybody else, he makes really oppressive, anti-social music. I can completely get into it, but it's going to appeal to so much more limited number of people. But Ennacheance is a good record. I like it a lot, we had a good time with the tour.

Brian Eno

"O/S"

From *Jubilee 3: Music For Asparta* (33) 1978

It's Eno, right?

Yeah, from Music For Asparta.

Yeah, the CD's right over there. Classic stuff. I mean, I was way more into Jon Hassell at that point than Brian Eno. I still listen to Jon Hassell's stuff constantly, especially the stuff that's more influenced by La Monte Young — *Winter Epiphany* is probably one of the greatest records I've ever heard in my life. Even Vangelis has done some really good, incredibly atmospheric stuff that didn't make of New Age cheese. Was that stuff influential on the whole *Isolationism* event?

Yeah, I think Brian Eno's early works were probably more influential on that, some than anything else. Not his early works, but his ambient works. That and before it was dubbed *Isolationism*, the European experimental music that was coming out like *Fluxus On Safety* and that whole scene. I really didn't know what was meant by *Isolationism* when they started using that term, because it encompassed this broad spectrum of music that ranged from Ambient to avant garde music to even something more aggressive — like the Japanese Noise scene. So it was just another way for musical folks to fuck everything up. If you get a tubular it, then you can make a complete tone.

Well, I think that was the first time it was used. *Isolationism* was a Virgin compilation and it needed a marketing angle. And [producer] Kevin Martin was definitely responsible for exposing us as a really large amount of people to music that would otherwise have gone unnoticed, so I guess it's not all bad.

Oval

"Tectonic"

From *Systemash* (Third Jockey) 2004

This is Oval, Systemash, I love Oval. I really enjoy that stuff. This piece was used in a commercial for some really high-end watch.

Yeah, I remember seeing that. And I also remember Oval being used for that *Harmony Karline* film with Werner Herzog, *Julien Sicking-Soy*, with some really nice visual effects.

When this was new, there was a lot of rhetoric about digitalism, because of the glitches and the skipping, just it's so pretty.

Yeah, it's really atmospheric. Especially the *Systemash* album, it had more emotional potential

than a lot of the other ones, because they tended to become really dense clusterfuck collections of the signature skipping and extensive use of filters and stuff like that. I also love [Oval's Marko Papaj] live at the Knitting Factory. I think he was using a Waldorf wave synthesizer and filters and stuff. I mean, it wasn't just CDs skipping and what not. I also remember him saying he was gonna release the software as a ROM section as a CD. It never happened, but I remember people speculating that once the software was available there'd be no reason for him to make any more records. But he hasn't made a record under the Oval moniker in a while, has he?

Falsetchisel

"Fold"

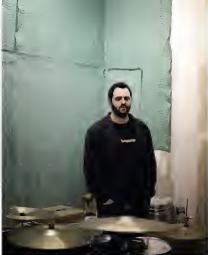
From *Polestar 2* (Jazzbow/JRT) 2009

No idea.

This is by Polestar, whose Werner Deitcher co-wrote all kinds of lower case, super-quiet records; you kind of do the opposite, working with extremely loud stuff. What's your methodology?


Well, it's different for everything. First of all, you have artists who want their music mastered, but they want it to sound exactly the way it sounds when they send it to you. So you have to discuss on this line of making it better but not really changing it at all that much. That's the hardest part of mastering, is satisfying

people that obviously know what they want, but at the same time they think I need something extra. So it's just a combination of bringing it up to Red Book standards, which is obvious, but also wringing something extra out of it. I get a lot of recording where there's a good balance as far as frequency and dynamics, but it's missing a physical quality. So if you can find the areas in the low and high-frequency range that will take your eardrums, or you can feel it a little more in your body, that's always something that will please someone who's looking for their music to resonate a little bit more. But the mastering job I get, the genres of music are far removed from each other, and the artist wants or expects something completely different. So you have to take it on a case-by-case basis. I think the reason I've been getting good results and a lot of satisfied clients is, I don't just land something up and start applying the same techniques for everything. You walk into a professional studio, and chances are that sooner or later, the engineer's never heard anything like what you're giving to him, and number two, they've already got their equipment set up and the patch-board arranged so that it's going through this compressor and whatever, whose slot of the music I get doesn't even warrant compression. Something with a really broad dynamic range should have a broad dynamic range. □



No-Back From Band in New York, December 2008

Left to right: Dave Nunn, Noah Boyers, Miss Killa Comedy, Paul Winters, Jesse Mooglen, David Shyford



State of emergence



New York's

No-Neck Blues Band

summon form from formlessness via their leaderless collective improvisations. In a rare interview at their Flint House hideaway, Marc Masters hears about chaos, musical crossfire, and collaborations with John Fahey, Jerry Yester, Embryo and Triad, Gras Och Stenar. Photography by Chris Beck

"Often a show starts and I feel like I hear it as a way that's not just the parts," explains Keith Connolly of The No-Meck Blues Band. "If somebody plays a bell, and somebody hits a tambourine, and somebody plays a mandolin, that's not what I'm hearing. It's not like I'm hearing an auditory hallucination, but I can hear it go on and on, and that's a very easy force to follow. I don't feel like I'm following the parts. I'm following some kind of thing that's happening, the emergence that you're talking about."

Setting with Connolly and his groupmates in the Mint House, the aptown New York loft that has been their practice space for over a decade, I've just suggested that the peculiar magic of their improvised, leaderless music might be explained by the scientific theory of "emergence." It posits that when basic elements are combined, completely new phenomena arise, guided by new laws. If the wobble of water or the solidity of ice can't be traced to how hydrogen and oxygen atoms interact, perhaps the sound of The No-Meck Blues Band (aka NWCK) can't be explained by the individual contributions of its seven multi-instrumentalists. The idea evokes an immediate shudder. "You can feel things going on as a group," says Dave Shea first. "You really have a sense of the music taking over in some other realm. Not guiding you, but giving you assurance that this is it... you have to follow this." Dave Nease adds: "No one has been able to assert his or her control over things. So it always winds up being this collective vibe about it."

Most groups would claim their music is greater than the sum of its parts, but for NWCK the idea seems especially crucial. Enchanted composition, the septet—which also includes Pat Munroe, Matt Heyner, Jason Manganer and Mica—exists almost solely in real-time collective improvisation. They rarely discuss techniques or parameters, so one ever suggests, "Let's try that again." "If someone says, 'Can we start with no drums tonight?', that means I'm going to play the drums right now. Or if someone says, 'Let's start quietly,' Mica will play her saxophone as loud as she can," laughs Nease. "Everyone is such a recalcitrant member of this band that we've learned not to try that stuff. That can be really frustrating, because it can feel like it's all out of control. On the other hand, that's what makes it magic. In a way, we've kept a certain

fire through the tension of musical democracy." The open-ended approach is reflected in the title of two NWCK LPs, both named *4 Tabu 2*, after an early 1900s dance offshoot founded by French artists Jean Cocteau and Suzanne Duchamp (Mica's sister). Tabu, says Connolly, was "based on the precepts of 'Mystery and Infinity.' It had instant appeal to us. A self-proclaimed movement with no membership based on definable concepts."

Despite the potential for chaos in such thinking, NWCK have built a remarkably consistent body of work. In each entry in their lengthy discography, spontaneous arrangements of repetitive rhythms, exploratory guitar, meditative electronics and primal vocals take on recurring shapes. No single hand has guided this direction, nor has any explicit aesthetic compass steered the NWCK ship. But a path has clearly emerged. "There are boundaries there, whether or not they're something we all understand," says Pat Munroe. "They are defined by the music. We all have a different idea of what it is, but it definitely has an identity." "We may do one thing, but we're very individualistic within this one thing," concurs Shuford. "It's not like a lot of identity. I think everyone is very clearly expressing their identity at all times." Yet NWCK pieces are often spacious and subtle, rarely sounding like seven musicians clanging for sonic space. "Even when a battle happens [in our music], it's like you hear a gunshot, and then another gunshot comes from the other side of the room," says Nease. "It's not like we have automatic weapons knocking everybody down. It's more of a crossfire." Connolly adds: "If there is any conflict, we try to weather the storm, and make it a part of the atmosphere. As opposed to throwing it all away and saying, 'Fuck it, we lost the thread.' Even though it can be kind of psychic, we try to do something with it and make it work."

This approach is codified and enhanced by NWCK's internal consistency. The group went through a few configurations after forming in the mid '90s, but an octet version solidified in 1997, when Mica (who met NWCK through their only collaborator, saxophonist Tawno Sherman) declared that she must join. When asked why, she responds coyly: "I didn't know why it was like chess... like poker." At first she stuck to directing and gifting performance, but eventually she began to contribute vocally, primarily via vocals and saxophone. "It totally changed us," Nease says

of her addition. "Suddenly we were a performance group." Connolly adds: "She would consistently blow us away with her interpretations of the performances. In the first session she kind of stood on her head. It was almost frightening. We always felt that with NWCK, anything was an option. Mica really taught us a lesson about what 'anything' was as..." Since Mica's arrival over a decade ago, NWCK have lost just one member (John Tell Ryan left amicably in 2000 to pursue his own group, *Extincter*). And now, if any of the seven current musicians can't make a gig, the gig doesn't happen. "We have tried to do shows with five or six people, and we all regretted it," explains Nease. "We're not alone that we got a fill-in, the way a normal rock band can. And no one has ever felt bold enough to say, 'I think this band should be what I want it to be.' For some reason, we all have this reverence where we just don't mess with it."

"Teleonomy: direction by means of actually reflexive, non-teleologic soundings of instruments, devices and spontaneous physical utterance, kept in a closed group of practicing individuals, this is to be repeated at strategic intervals based upon impulses, and it is to be documented, catalogued and published in a likewise fashion; preconceived notions must be subverted, if not exposed unprepared and executed: no one else may take precedence."

— NWCK statement

Having done just a handful of interviews during their 15 years of existence, NWCK have put their public face forward more through artwork, liner notes and mission statements. By turns enigmatic and profound, these various notices serve as a clever counterweight to the music, NWCK embrace ambiguity, defying flatness as favor of a slippery concepts, as if their ideas are as hard to control as their sound. This has resulted in many invented terms, seen in album titles such as 2002's *Autonomy* and 2005's *Quiver*. For each release, these presentational elements come after the music is made, a method that stretches as far back as 1994's *Roach*, released by the group's own label, Sound At One. At the time, NWCK members wondered how their name would translate into Japanese, and The Boredoms' Yamaoka Tye suggested "Kali-Nash Roach", or

"In the first session, Mica kind of stood on her head. It was almost frightening. We always felt that with NNCK, anything was an option. Mico really taught us a lesson about what 'anything' means" *Keith Connolly*

"Much like Neckless," Resounding further, the group discovered tales of a blind man who receives an inscription on his body, serving in part "form is emptiness, and emptiness is form," that renders him invisible. The character was thus an apt symbol of the boundless music NNCK and aspired to create.

The themes of NNCK's latest album, *Chowee*, lie in juxtaposition. On the CD inserts, a quote from Surrealist art pioneer Karel Malenich sits opposite an image of Harlem writer Zora Neale Hurston. According to Connolly, NNCK feels kinship with both figures, but Hurston ultimately has the edge: "Her folklore and explorations of racial magic resonate with NNCK on another level, closer to our collective, fractured and interior dialogue — deep and sticky, familial jive with ceremonial drums." The album title is even more mysterious, an acronym of a cryptic phrase from Connolly's text on the back cover: "Confabulated Lacosta, once more entrenched in time."

Chowee was recorded at Black Ort, NNCK member Jonan Mlegher's studio located in Weehawken, New York, about an hour from Manhattan. It's the fourth NNCK album made in a studio (all other releases consist of material from performances and self-recorded rehearsals), but the first without strict time constraints. "We could play stop, hang out. It was an opportunity to be more relaxed," explains Mariano Matus Shuford. "We definitely had more of a sense of purpose this time. It wasn't like we thought we would have a single hit to be the whole thing, but we did it and up-begit a certain consistency to the record that we really like." As with most NNCK records, the group had recorded improvisations without overdubs, then assembled, edited and sequenced that raw material, a step Connolly sees as "the alchemy by which the end result is given identity, form and life beyond the event." It's a rough analogy that NNCK have honed over the years. "In our early shows and sessions, I don't think we had any lacking idea whether or not we were making a record at all. It was something that was revealing itself to us and we were just taking part in it," he recounts. "Once we started making records, we became more experienced in how to turn recordings into albums. That's maybe what David [Shuford] means about how *Chowee* has some sense of consistency, because we were able to perceive the

record emerging as it was happening. Back when we were doing our early sessions, we would not be able to do that. We were just in this overwhelming ball of music that we had no idea we had even made."

"ARCH YOUR BACK TO THE SOUND AT ONE
WHYRE REEL ASSUMES THE SHAPE OF
SMOOTHWATERS
AND BELL CHASE TO AN ANTIHORIZON"
— NNCK edit

NNCK's relationship with their home city of New York is perhaps the most interesting plotline in their developing narrative. During their first few years they occupied a number of rehearsal spaces in downtown Manhattan. Early releases, like the sprawling 1996 masterpiece *Letters From The Earth*, were recorded there and on rooftops, including one on Canal Street occupied by Moss and his partner at the time, artist Rita Ackermann. NNCK soon caught the attention of local labels like New World Of Sound and Thurston Moore's Ecstatic Peace, who released their work and wanted more. But NNCK decided not to plant their flag in any single territory, instead creating the Sound at One label to document some of their music (*Chowee*, a co-production with Lacort, is the imprint's 100th release). "Each had the wisdom from the beginning to say, 'No, this is going to be a different kind of project,'" Moss explains. "We said, 'Let's start our own label, our own space. Let's not wait for a club to give us a gig, let's not wait for a label to give us a gig ahead. Let's make ours and do it ourselves.'" "What we were coming up with internally was more interesting to us than the idea of affiliating with other things," adds Connolly. "It was a huge, liberating idea that all these things that used to seem off-limits were actually things we could do ourselves. And we've always been happier when we've done that."

An early challenge came in 1997, when NNCK had to leave its practice space at 155 Chrystie Street. "It rendered the group identity a huge question mark. We no longer had a headquarters, and we were having a hard time finding one another," recalls Connolly. The solution was to play outdoors every Saturday afternoon in Christy's building, Columbus Park, using acoustic instruments while surrounded by "all these old ladies with their groceries and babies gambling and 30-year-old men seeking cigarettes,"

chuckles Connolly. "It was a shot in the arm, because we recognized for the first time the indigenous nature of music. It was actually possible to do the same stuff dialogue was, without any of the trappings of feedback or distortion. We discovered that there was a much simpler understanding to the music than we might have imagined." Capping off their summer in Columbus Park with a amplified set in celebration of Moss and Ackermann's wedding, NNCK decided they were ready to find a new indoor rehearsal space. They settled on a loft on 131st Street in Harlem, just a few blocks from the Hudson River. Dubbed the First House, it provided further revelations. "There was something that happened in the band that we couldn't put our finger on, but the music started only referring to itself," recalls Moss. "We realized that we were developing a vocabulary. If NNCK was a book, we were developing the words and the story that we want to tell within it."

The First House has held performances periodically throughout the past decade, hosting local acts/poets such as Sightings and Disruptories. Yet a sense of mystery has persisted about NNCK and their environs, as if they were some kind of hidden cult, despite being one of the most active presences in New York's underground. "If we were ever hiding, we were hiding in plain sight," laughs Connolly. "If you told anyone in New York that NNCK are as mysterious, they'd say, 'What are you talking about?' We see these guys all the time!" Besides playing on rooftops and in Columbus Park, the group have also performed regularly in Sakara Park in Harlem and a bar near on 79th Street. I suggest that all these endeavors constitute an ongoing improvisation with New York, and that NNCK's elevation to negative rhythm might reflect the pace of the city. But they are hesitant to associate with anything besides their own work. "Sticking to one mesmerizing rhythm is more about solving ourselves from the inside of the city," says Shuford. "In New York, you're always jumping around from one thing to the other, but your music can have a kind of homesteading shield." Moss agrees. "When I moved here, I was interested in three things about New York music: free jazz, modern composers and far-out rock. In the beginning we tapped into all these scenes, but we realized really fast that they weren't adopting us. So we developed our own niche."

"If there's ever been a band where there's no backseat drivers, it's us. Everyone is a singer, songwriter, bandleader, tour manager and art director. NNCK couldn't happen with all seven of us doing that. So everyone has done that on the side!" *—Dave [Nas]*

"The trick's to begin beyond hope and then begin again, and if odds are middling more to adding this plus, you do without superceding the dose and in piling up increments. That's to say with no rider on and on a stake Morgan done."
—*WW* Thanks here for the next. Because of this one now we're sure."
— From the liner notes of *Sticks And Stones May Break My Bones But Never Hurt Me* (2002)

John Fahey spent a week at the Flint House in 1989, perhaps attracted to NNCK's open aesthetic at a time when he himself was seeking new paths. As Connolly recalls, "Dave [Blackwood, Fahey's partner in Reverent Records] contacted us and said, 'John really wants to be playing live right now. But he needs somebody to deal with him, because I can't take him out on the road and we can't just send him out because he may wander away.' So we said, 'Send him here.'" NNCK acted as Fahey's de facto management during the visit, with Connolly escorting him to a folk festival just near the East River. All Fahey took was a guitar with no case, and his only request was that he could stop and buy a new belt beforehand. "He wasn't grumpy or difficult," Connolly insists. "He was totally engaged, he just wasn't interested in being professional, which worked well with us."

Later that year, Fahey toured with NNCK, and the group recorded *Sticks And Stones*. For his Reverent label, under the unlikely production helm of Jerry Foster of the Lowin' Spoolies. "At first Jerry seemed shocked that we were even there, but he said some interesting things about the record," says Connolly of the session at Foster's atelier in Arkansas. "He was involved in this Indonesian meditation group called Subud, and he said it reminded him of his experiences with that." Though NNCK had already been communicating through album art, *Sticks And Stones's* elaborate package represented a step toward — as Connolly puts it, "a more sophisticated presentation and self-proclaimed mythology, mostly through the use of original text and veiled references."

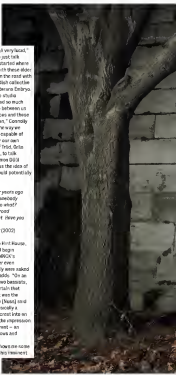
That was just one of the ways in which NNCK's varied experiences with Fahey changed their perspective. "What he had to say about music history,

he past, social and political stuff, was all very lucid," says Connolly. "We had plenty of time to just talk about things, naturally. This momentum started where we thought, 'We can go out and travel with these older artists.' Eventually NNCK spent time on the road with British guitarist Michael Chapman, Swedish cellist Trif, Gita Oct Steiner and Knutrock vibraphonist Embryo. The latter trip resulted in a collaborative studio record, 2000's *Embryo/NNCK*. "We learned so much from this general feeling of camaraderie between us starting to have these touring experiences and these guys having the opportunity to tour again," Connolly enthuses. "That had a huge impact on the way we saw ourselves. We felt like we were also capable of assuming some sort of responsibility for our own legacy. To sit with Thomas Mero Garza of Trif, Gita and talk about playing with Jimi Hendrix, to talk to Embryo's Christian Burdett about *Awes GGG* — you can't read that as a book. It gave us the idea of maintaining our own trajectory, so we could potentially share that kind of camaraderie too."

"We called for some leads on a platter years ago. No don't know how long it took for somebody to serve it. No think we're there? So what? No get befuddled by a middle of the road intensity. First shut off. But it's not. Here you cheated on us..." So be it."
— From the liner notes of *Introspection* (2002)

A few hours into our conversation at the Flint House, some group members pull out drums and begin to beat on them randomly. Asked to let NNCK's instrumentation. Nas admits, "We never even thought of that question until we actually were asked it by some people at shows." Connolly adds, "On an empirical level, we have two guitarists, two bassists, two drummers and a vocalist. But I'm certain that there's never been a concert where that was the only instrumentation. At one point, Dave [Nas] said he thought everyone in the band was basically a drummer." Tonight the seven drummers craft into an improvisatory jam, and it's hard not to get the impression that NNCK's music is a never-ending current — an eternal stream that all the practices, shows and recordings simply tap into.

As the jamming continues, Connolly shows one case of his artwork, while Shuford discusses his interest in



tour with his group D Charles Spear And The Helix Clearly, the creative juices within MNCK run thick and fast. This may be a leaderless collective, but it's not made up of passive followers. "If there's ever been a band where there are no backstage drivers, it's us," claims Russ. "Everyone is a singer, songwriter, lead singer, tour manager and art director. MNCK couldn't happen with all seven of us doing all that. So everyone has done that on the side." The daunting list of MNCK side projects currently includes Weagler's Country-fied Coach Fingers, Sharford's undisciplinable Trash Slaughter, Mureno and Keyser's Black Metal group McWorth, and Russ's retro-metal outfit Under Satan's Sun.

Such extracurricular pursuits have gone on since the early days of MNCK, starting with the mysterious offshoot K Salvatore. "As we became more experienced, we got nervous to do stuff outside the frame of what MNCK is about," says Connolly. "K Salvatore was like the first pressure release valve from MNCK." Mureno adds: "It was good to play in MNCK and not feel like we were missing some element of what we thought we could be creating. It made it OK to say, 'The music we're playing is very rhythmic based, so the other thing doesn't have to be.'" Sharford concurs: "Working in different disciplines helps me as a musician. I can take some element of that and bring it back to MNCK."

Meanwhile, MNCK's spontaneous agenda continues to expand: 2009 will bring a spring tour of Europe, a DVD of MNCK films by cohort Adam Egypt Mortimer entitled *All Over Me Because The Police*, along with an accompanying soundtrack, *Languid Red Morosette*, an Rigo Barham CD of early, previously unreleased material, and a triple LP box set on Rex De Rialdon called *Gitargoli & The Noxious Stages*, much of which was recorded at the Channery, the Seattle space occupied by The SuxCity Girls. "Our music is sort of redefining itself at this point," admits Russ. "We thought for a long time we needed to cultivate it and nurture it carefully. But after we did a few tours, especially the long ones in Europe where we played every day for months, we felt like our sound became pretty sharp." Connolly agrees: "We don't feel the need to actually hone our skill so that we'll be in a certain mode when we go out on tour. Now we're able to go out and play to our reputation, and still meet and exceed that reputation, to an extent that's pretty fulfilling. It still makes us psyched to do it." □

Connolly is out now in Locust/Stone At One





When worlds collide

The past and the future are both alien realities to be explored, says

Jeff Mills

In a revealing interview, the DJ and electronic producer explains the secret structure of his space-race Techno, the social and racial conflicts he witnessed as a child in 60s Detroit, and how to disappear from a crowded planet.

By Derek Walmsley. Photography by Leon Chew

"At a very early age I had this understanding that, as a black person, as a black kid, you have to be able to look much further beyond. You have to not only think for yourself, but for other people in general, in the best way."

Right from the start—and by the extent of his other Detroit electronic music, Jeff Mills has looked beyond the everyday, the merely earthly. His music evokes either raw, retrofitted memories—the high tempos of the *Wax Trax* Transmatron series, which hurt at velocities beyond the range of the dancerfloor—or conversely a morose, restless drift, such as the fatherless spaces within his soundtrack to Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, or the 2002 project *Discoveries* (and more recently *Redupers*) *The Ring Of Saturn*, an exercise in musical psychoschizophrenia. Either way, his work moves completely beyond earthly mechanics, hyperbolic, unfettered by words. He's sometimes confused for a perceived lack of swing and/or funk, yet this is hardly relevant—perhaps it's even a virtue—when part of the thrill of Mills's music is the entire absence of the usual physical constraints. "If you're black you're supposed to love the funk, the rhythm," he says. "But that's not necessarily true."

Beyond its conceptual sense, too, being inspired by space travel, cosmic beats, utopian worlds and evocations of a future we progress well than the late 60s Detroit of his childhood, his earliest productions with Mike Banks were inspired by dreams of Europe as a lost electronic music homeland. "This was my highly advanced electronic music place where... actually the DJ was into old school jazz, because the people were so advanced."

These days Detroit Techno's idiosyncrasy is pervasive within European dance music—almost dried in the soil. And since 2000 it's the very air that Mills helped create—the disco-entertainment complex—that he has become intent on transcending. "I think the ethos of going into your course," he declares. "Meaning, it will stop when the people feel it's not so important. And I don't think that time is too far away. It's going to happen naturally, because of the way the technology is moving.... It's clearly see the time is set for off when the music isn't programmed, and the people are passive to it, and they come and listen to it, and they dance, and go away."

Unlike many lodged into electronic music, Mills's work has become less predictable the older he's got. He continues to make DJ appearances, and has often occupied himself with revisiting or re-presenting older tracks. But he has simultaneously kept up a regular output of new material on his A&J label, and has expanded his horizons to encompass numerous multimedia, installation and soundtrack projects. The tension between linear motion and cyclical themes that forms the backbone of Techno is still there, but free to pursue his obsessions wherever they may lead, his work has moved in ever more elliptical orbits. Recent limited release albums such as *Contact Speed* (which riffs on the idea of alien abduction) and *One Man Spacestep* (inspired by the isolation of space) are among his strongest and most personal work, journeys through astronaut space where the main clues to your coordinates and general direction are drifting constellations of looped melodies or radio-like electronic blips. After the same brutality of his earlier years, he's now gravitating towards arcs of positive analogue tones. In his soundtrack, and his work with video and installations, he attempts to transfer something of the deep intuitive touch he has with vinyl to mixing and blending visual data. His 2000 soundtrack to Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* came about partly because he was frustrated by the lack of electronic music in cinema. "I just go to a point where I just thought somebody has to do something. We just need to see what would happen if there was something we could use as a reference." Mostly featureless, much of the soundtrack's tension comes from its unorthodox yet strangely poetic string passages, evoking impossible architectures, bold structural angles. His work has continued to diversify since then.

In next Mills's in Paris, the day after he presented his audio-visual project *The Top is the Grand Palais*, a patch job built for the Grand Exhibition of 2000. For the performance, Mills was sharply dressed in black from head to toe, but the next afternoon he's nursing a cold, wrapped up in coat and sweater and folded into a chair at his hotel, though he happily talks for hours.

It's hard to think of a city less suited to Mills's muse than Paris—its meandering streets, close-knit

neighborhoods and air of crumbling decay all feel at odds with the straight angles, effortless motion and looped cycles that define his work. As he says, it's somewhat perverse that he's had difficulty getting a solo-visual electronic project off the ground in Germany, considering his strong Berlin connections. He left Detroit in the early 90s, and has spent the last 15 years working mostly out of Berlin and Chicago. But Mills has enjoyed a particularly fruitful relationship with France, where he has diversified into multimedia performances, projects and installations.

The glass ceiling of the Grand Palais is staggeringly ornate, but the foundations are evidently less substantial—it was shut down for several years due to subsidence. It's a massive, vaulted space with a huge floor area and an echo time reported to be more than one second. For *The Top* a huge screen is erected in the middle of the space, with Mills kneeling at the side behind DVD controllers and CD decks—his using as vinyl tonight, he reasons for the first time ever. It's a wholly different spectacle to his DJ performances, where he mixes and blends sounds within a single bar. But his DJ has never, as he tips the faders and twiddles the EQs, keeping the beat and obediently working the crowd.

Footage culled from space race films, 60s Asian cosmo-kitsch, American Cold War sci-fi flashes across the screen in front of the large audience, the characters going off into a forbidding beyond. The footage is slowed down, freeze-framed or looped to accentuate the slight eye movements and the intensity etched on the faces. Rather than simply making the images follow the music or vice versa—a recurrent dilemma for those working in the notoriously incoherent art of live film soundtracking—Mills lets each build up its own track independently. The combined effect is the sound and vision being multiplied rather than added together: the overlapping rhythms literally cutting across each other. "The idea [is] that even against all the odds, at least in these science fiction stories, even against these enormous odds, [the characters] still feel the urge to go on, to discover, and I think that's a common theme, or feeling that humanity has had from the very beginning. We could have just said, 'The world is too difficult, we can't catch these animals to eat them,

"I can clearly see the time is not far off when music is just programmed, and the people are passive to it, and they come and listen to it, and they dance, and go away"

let's just pick it is." But we don't, and I think that's something which is not really spoken of, or explored too much."

Because Mills is one of the most intense Techno DJs, it would be easy to assume he is chiefly concerned with the in-the-moment physical aspect of Techno. But in fact everything is thought out, he argues. He believes people are essentially rational – and essentially good – with untapped potential. "I assume from what I've seen that a lot of DJs and producers do not produce the music for the full well-being of the listener," he declares. "In other words, they do not produce at their highest capacity, because they feel the people will not understand it, that the people are not intelligent enough to figure it out." Expanding into sound-track and multimedia work is a natural extension of his desire to communicate on all channels.

The way Jeff Mills works is essentially conceptual. When asked about a particular release, he'll carefully go back and outline the premises from which it began. He returns many questions with "Well... and a suitable pause, before thoughtfully translating the question into his own frame of reference. Yet he's anything but evasive. He talks at great length in an effort to relate how all these ideas, all these formulas that he works from, can be related to one another. "It wasn't like we were to ask ourselves how and why they do what they do, we would understand much more about how things came to be," he explains. "But what I read in the press is that they don't venture into these kind of questions. Why don't your music sound the way it does? Why did you choose these keys as opposed to these keys? But they're never asked. So that gives you the impression that we don't really care to take the real reasons why the music is the way it is."

"There's a reason why one would choose electronic music over more conventional types of music in the first place. So we have to start from there," he continues. "It is because it's easy for it because technology has made it as easy as how else could you get a keyboard? It is a certain type of membership, some type of pass, some type of symbolic gesture that you want to be part of the future of it all." Although much of his music is oriented towards the future, his personal set of formulas isn't inherently locked to his past. While discussing his career work, he speaks with a thoughtful deliberation. But once these ideas lead to his earlier life and a youthful enthusiasm emerges.

For Mills, this preference for electronic music was both an intellectual issue and a product of his childhood in America of the 1960s. "Maybe one of the most influential things that happened was

during the riots in Detroit in 1967," he recalls. "It primarily happened in our neighbourhood in Detroit, where all the beatings and all the police and the army came in, and they declared martial law. You had to keep all the shades down, because there were snipers. If any men thought they saw something in the window that was pointed at him, he had the right to shoot at it. The army was using the school ground for landing helicopters."

"It was the summertime," he continues, "there was no way you could keep a kid in the house in summertime, it was just impossible. So [my parents] decided to make a vacation, and they took all the kids to Expo, in Montreal, an exhibition on the future. [In 1967] – architecture, technology. You go from one very bleak, very bad situation, to something very bright, very promising. For a kid it was like Disneyland, and there big installations, big exhibition halls. That had to be the important thing, that pushed me towards the future and space travel."

Familial travels forced Mills to look beyond his immediate horizons in other ways. "We would travel every year, around the country. I remember as a kid always being put in very new situations. So you go to a camp ground and you want to get in the swimming pool, but you have to get in the pool with other kids. White kids. This is the 60s, and you had to deal with racism, you have to deal with all these things, so I found myself, in situations where I had to figure it out, and my family would have to deal with this. You have to look at people as how they are... You have to do things for the benefit of other people, it's the best interest."

A certain mythology has been constructed around Detroit Techno, as if this grassroots, utopian music magically emerged as a reaction to the griminess of the Motor City – a mystique that has obscured the actual backgrounds of the producers themselves. For Mills, his early upbringing was suburban, not inner city, and it was the stability of his background which provided the key foundation for his pursuit of music. The city's momentum provided strong links to the city's Motown production line, and music was a part of the community fabric.

"The neighbourhood, when you're that age, especially in Detroit, it doesn't go past three blocks in either direction," he says. "My neighbourhood was a typical black middle class – which was lower than the national middle class level, but still middle class – neighbourhood. My father was a civil engineer, and my mother was a housewife. And all the neighbours basically had the same formation. Most were not something that was always really unhappy, you don't really rebel so much, but of course within these

neighbourhoods were people who were connected to Motown and other parts of the music industry."

Motown was a big part of public schooling. He says, "I can remember a few times in, I think, English class, something really influential had happened during *Soul Train*, like the week before. The teacher finished the lesson like 30 minutes before the end of class and she asked the kids if we wanted to form a soul train. And so she went and got the tambourine, and waited our 45s, and we pushed all the desks back, and formed a soul train in the English class. And this was normal. There was kind of no escape, you know, from my mother to my sisters, from school, from TV, the radio."

The media provided another key outlet for his imagination. "A lot of people maybe don't realise how connected people really are in America," he explains. "It's a very large country, but you're very much connected in all the same directions in all the cities when you're young. There's only so many things you can do, so comic books and animation were always one thing, one group of kids that you could be with in the summertime. In my neighbourhood, Saturday afternoon there was nothing to do, at least for that part of the day – we would all distribute," he says, adding that some kids reached almost professional standards. "If you interview guys from Detroit that are into electronic music, you realize we were all into the same kind of thing, we were attracted to the same type of movies, we did the same type of hobbies." Mills's parents were too strict to allow him to go to the cinema when he was young, but TV provided a daily diet of science fiction – the fodder for discussion in class the next day.

Mills mastered percussion and ended up playing jazz fusion to a high standard with more senior students, and in his late teens transferred those skills to DJing, with the rise of rap. "Making the transition from playing the drums to DJing was very easy, because I had learned how to balance my hands from left and right, how to negotiate the rhythms... I learned tracks very fast, and got something of a reputation in the city of Detroit, just in the streets."

This reputation secured a slot on Detroit radio where, under the name The Witness, he produced wild mix shows – many can be found online – to rival the shows being produced by The Electrifying Mojo from a neighbouring station. Mills's use of turntable cut-ups, tape edits, turn machines and guest MCs were a productive masterpiece, and when towards the end of the 80s he became exhausted from the heavy workload ("sometimes two shows a day, sometimes three") and the difficulty of producing more more complex shows, he quit a relatively lucrative DJ career to concentrate on making music. Mills played with a





"I've come to reduce myself to the lowest form of lifeform. And I'm assuming that something can hear what I've just produced. It has to be simple, maybe tribal enough, that it goes back to the bare essentials of sound"

group called Final Cut in the late 80s. Reflecting this brief flowering of industrial music in Detroit, Berlin's recent *Tribal* label invited the group over for a live showcase. When *Final Cut* split up, Mills began working with Mike Banks, a keyboard player and fellow gear-head, with whom Mills had been loosely involved in some studio jams intended for a George Clinton album. The project eventually emerged as *Underground Resistance*, who released mysterious 12"s as quick-fire guerrilla raids on the electronic music mainstream.

UR's modes opened up new left-of-center. Mills still works with a gear, substantially analogue set-up. To generate as many tracks as possible, UR's working method was, says Mills, literally codified: "We were making formulas. I ask for more details. I can't really go into them... We were asking as many different things at the same time, because we make formulas. There's a long pause. "A lot of things were based on a 32-level-kind of thing... we were using the number three in terms of sequencing and layering. That's basically all I can tell you about it," he laughs.

Other details emerge, though, which go some way to backing-up Mills's claim that it is his music at least. "There is a reason for everything that we hear," he gives an example: "We use the black keys for certain reasons. Not because it might be the key of C or something like that, we use it for the social matter. So for instance if it's the track 'The Art Of Stalking', you don't use the white keys, you use the black keys, all the black keys. Because it's the unknown. If it's something very warm, like 'Marten To Nuts', or more prissy type of stuff, you use the white keys, because that's the light." Mills's approach to the keyboard, as a former drummer, is rhythmic and often percussive. While influenced by classical music and Philip Glass, his string parts are generally recorded in live takes. "I use a lot of reverb to carry over the sound until my fingers can move to the next keys," he laughs.

Like the black and white distinction on the keyboard, after Mills's ideas are so ingeniously simple they're perhaps being overlooked. Take his 3-122 project *Discovers The Rings Of Saturn* from 1999: "There is a part of the soundtrack where there were off to the right side, again silent and the majority of the sound comes back very slowly to the left side, that was to signify that in space you have very little control of the forces that are there, and so you are victim to these kind of movements," he explains. That album was updated and extended last year, inspired by the recent discovery of geysers on the moon of Enceladus. Mills explains they had to basically 'decode' the older version before they began work

on the new. Their original working methods underline why that album sounds like some sort of labyrinthine interpreted alien communication. "The entire album was put together by [tape] edits... as we were making the music with the intention of only making it in different pieces and then piecing it all together," he recalls. "And that was very different than what we do now. So that's why it is very choppy." Does he miss that way of working? At times, yes. It took much longer, it would take a whole day just to piece... and then if it didn't work you would have to peel away," he laughs. "But you had these different options, you could find certain sounds, split the tape in two, not vertically but horizontally and then replace them... All types of strange things that it would take you hours and hours to do on a computer."

In the early 90s, Mills and Robert Hood had tried to break techno down into a physical, almost rhythmic language that would translate in whichever country they played in. But now, Mills declares, "I think that I'm beginning to realize that the physical aspect of this music is becoming, not a liability, but an obstacle."

His mantra nowadays focuses on the existentialist: "I'm creating the third person. It has nothing to do with dancing, it has nothing to do with 80 keys, it has nothing to do with what is right or wrong. Basically I'm trying to communicate with something else. It's all imaginary but what it does, it stages my mind into basically the unknown." He clarifies this: "I've come to reduce myself to kind of the lowest form of lifeform [laughs]. And I'm assuming that something can hear what I've just produced. And it has to be simple enough, in some ways maybe tribal enough, that it goes back to the bare essentials of sound in general."

This is the philosophy behind the *Ghostbox Special* and *Des Moines* *Spookshow* albums, both built around aether-travelling sleep tones and convoluted rhythmic sequences that form Escher-like puzzles. "You don't really notice after a while that these are, like, as different keyboards interacting together, separately creating the sequences kind of like themselves," he says. With these recent releases, the ideas of music as formulas become a natural and point, where the music can endlessly evolve on its own. The idea of taking it himself out of the equation, of moving beyond the physical, fascinates him both musically and conceptually. A DVD from 2004, *Discovered*, is a DJ set filmed in close-up and from multiple angles. Part of the idea was that it could be shown in a club without Mills needing to be there. When I ask if this is simply codifying or concealing his art form, he answers, "Maybe the time comes when we don't have

this presentation, when the DJ doesn't stand behind the decks any more. We might like to have this place of information to remind us of how things used to be, of how unique items. So, as a piece of history I suppose." He cheerfully admits that DJing with the kind of bewildering vinyl trickery that made him famous has become harder as he gets older.

How to survive the future looms large in his thinking. He frequently references the use of technology to cope with the future's demands. "The idea of simulating reality might become as common as taking aspirin for headache or taking cold medicine for the flu," he says, discussing our overcrowded planet. "So it gives you the illusion that you only see every other person, but actually there are four times as many people around you. Or things will give you the illusion that things are OK, but actually it's not." Des Moines *Spookshow* suggests a different atonement, exploring whether "it could be a positive aspect to be isolated".

I ask if he still enjoys making electronic music as an old man. "Yes, sure, maybe even after I'm not here, I'll crafted a way to do that," he replies. "I actually think about that quite a lot. If there is a way that I can devise a way to create music after I die, [it] there is something that recorded my characteristics for what I would do in certain situations."

Such what-if scenarios link directly back to Mills as a poet, reading *Marcel Schwob* in the Detroit suburbs, imagining strange utopian futures at the tail end of the Civil Rights era. While there's no decoding the conceptual levels of Jeff Mills's work, in a sense the mystery is that there's no mystery. The music's density and alien logic can be a sense of wonder in itself. Most of the things that I make are not designed for you to fully understand. I don't expect people to fully understand *Discovers Special*, *The Rings Of Saturn*, I don't care if you understand it or not. There was no story, it's just an observation of a planet with a soundtrack.

"We're people, though, or how it's judged, it's not important," he continues, concluding, "I guess I'm taking this one from his day, after space agencies discover something, and they show you images of a planet, your response can't be, 'Well, I don't like it, I wish it was a more reddish colour'. You just have to accept the information as it is at it is. And I very much want to create these sort of projects where they head in that direction, where it doesn't make sense to judge it, it's just addressing something which you should probably know a little bit more of, not that you should become an expert on the subject, but you should just be reminded of these things to give you some noise as to where you are as abstract being." *Discovers 122: Rediscovers The Rings Of Saturn* is out now.

The Primer

A bi-monthly guide to the selected recordings of a specific artist or genre.

This month:

William S Burroughs

Jack Sargeant surveys the recorded legacy of the literary outlaw, from his spoken word documents to his cut-up experiments with tape, celluloid and radio.

Illustration by **Savage Pencil**

It was the artist, poet, calligrapher and all-round fest-angus Brian Eno who first introduced William S Burroughs (1956–1997) to the potential of the tape recorder. In late 1990 they were both living in Paris at the not-quite-famous house the Best Hotel by Gregory Gorse. Following the publication of his novel *Makeshift Lunch*, Burroughs had become absorbed in cut-up experiments, slicing his way through piles of newspapers and copies of Time magazine. These investigations were more than aesthetic strategy: they were a way of glimpsing the future and exposing the power of control. As Burroughs wrote in *The Aching Machine*: “Some of the cut and reconnected texts seem to refer to future events.”

For Burroughs, control represented not just the arch-enemies of the apocalyptic state, but also the threat of disease, possession and addiction, entwined to both physiological need and dependency on the other for logic of Western philosophy. “If you have a pre-recorded a version in which everything is already pre-recorded,” he states in *Wahwah* and *Brooklyn*’s 1993 disc *Sentient Burroughs The Movie*, “the only thing that is not pre-recorded is the pre-recordings themselves.” The cut-ups “tangled with the basic pre-recordings” for Burroughs, writing was a process by which to escape the power of control.

Eno, who had been fascinated with the potential of tape recorders since the end of the war, showed Burroughs how they could be used to facilitate the cut-up process, enabling the author to record a monologue, rewind the tape and randomly drop in additional speech. As the attack on the mechanisms of control continued, the experiments were extended. Burroughs spent spending up and slow-motion solos, and examining the results. Radio and television broadcasts were cut-up, alongside ambient street noise, the buzz of overhead state (“best interesting sound on the air” wrote Burroughs), bursts of music, and the sound of the tapes winding at speed. Burroughs’s analytical mind and anthropological training meant he could engage with a concept with utter determination, and his exploration of cut-up theory to sound was rigorous. He would sit in his room with multiple tape recorders, his fingers hovering on the buttons. Years later Eno would remember him “punching to death a series of cheap Japanese plastic tape recorders, to which he applied himself with such force that he could punch one of these to death inside a matter of weeks, days even.”

In *Somerville* – Burroughs’s boyfriend at the time, and a Cambridge mathematics student – frequently assisted Burroughs and Eno in their tape experiments. When it came to recording sound, he was considered by the author to be a “brilliant technician.” *Somerville*’s extensive technical knowledge helped Burroughs realise the full potential of their aerial experiments, and when their machines broke down, *Somerville* could fix them. Moreover, together the three friends assessed all avenues of the recording process, exploring areas as diverse as recording subvocal speech using throat microphones and “winding” the tape manually across the recording heads. At the Best Hotel there was not enough power in each room, and cables were run from *Somerville*’s and Eno’s chambers to enable these machines to be used simultaneously for recording and playback. In rented rooms in Paris, Tangiers, London and New York, the reel-to-reel autotape spun at all hours.

In 1996 *Somerville* was offered the opportunity to start the studio set up by Paul McCartney in Ringo Starr’s Montague Square flat. This sequenced, he continued engaging in his serious sonic experiments with Burroughs. Burroughs would later observe, “This was when The Beatles were just getting into the possibilities of overlaying, running backwards, the full technical possibilities of the tape recorder.” The arrangement did not last long, but though *Somerville*’s tenure at Montague Square was brief, he did record McCartney’s “Eleanor Rigby” rehearsal. The following year Burroughs appeared on the cover of *The Beatles’ Sgt Pepper*.

While Burroughs would continue recording experiments for a few more years yet, producing hundreds of hours of tapes, by 1966 he began to lose interest in literary cut-ups and returned to a more recognisable narrative format with his book *The Wild Boys* (although this and subsequent books contained cut-up elements). However, the experience of producing so many recordings had led him into speculative areas, which informed the non-fiction books *The Total Mind* (written in collaboration with Sylvia), *The Job and The Electronic Revolution*, as well as the ultra-rare 1970 cassette novel *The Remote Ray Scout Manual* (an extract of which was published in *Re/Search A/Z*), which details various revolutionary strategies before launching into a very broader appeal to the Queen. In addition, Burroughs had also viewed interest in electronic voice phenomena, and the possibilities of tape recorders as magical

tools that could effect reality according to the operator’s desire.

These investigations led Burroughs to speculate not just on the magical potential of recordings, but on the ways in which the walls could be cut-up and the way in which recorded sounds could create events. He imagined the possibility of playing the sound of gunfire to turn demonstrations into riots, to spread rumours and to attack control centres. Examining the techniques of scripted speech in experiments carried out with underground film maker Antony Galich and *Somerville* in 1968, he saw how playback of scrambled recordings of sex, violence and distress adversely affected the listener. These ideas contributed to some of the theoretical ideas of punk for emergent industrial groups such as Throbbing Gristle, SPK, and Cabaret Voltaire, all of whom experimented with cut-up sound and re-contextualised ambient recordings.

In 1973 Burroughs’s work was celebrated at The Nova Convention in New York, where he read alongside old friends Allen Ginsberg and Brian Eno and musicians such as Philip Glass, Suicide, Debbie Harry and Chris Stein. Organised by *Sentient*’s [sic] editor Sphero Loring, poet John Byrne, and Burroughs’s assistant and secretary James Gruenholz, the event freely performed Burroughs in the New York punk milieu. Indeed it was Gruenholz who recognised the common ground linking Burroughs’s work and the emergent punk subculture, and his many reading tours began to use alternative clubs and punk venues, firmly establishing a young audience for the experimental author.

Throughout his later years Burroughs appeared in numerous collaborations with musicians, writing the book and recording “I Love No Sex” for the punk The Black Rebel, partly realised with Tim West and Robert Wilson. He appeared on September Storm’s *Black Of Night* EP, uttering his way through *Brick/Well’s* “What Kappa Me Kind Alive?” He made a cameo appearance on an X Files spin-off album *Songs In The Key Of X*, and bowed as both presence and impersonator on the compilation *10% Film Under Burroughs*.

Burroughs’s recorded work can be divided between tape recorder experiments, spoken word albums and collaborations with other musicians providing commentary to his readings. The following Primer contains details when necessary, following the unpredictable lines of flight of the Burroughs machine.





Nothing New But The Recordings front cover

Burroughs in Tanganyika, 1964, photographed by Ian Somerville



William S Burroughs

Nothing New But The Recordings

Industrial Records LP 1992

Throbbing Goulie and their allies did much to disseminate information about Burroughs at a time when only a handful of his books were readily available, and then mainly from "alternative" bookshops. "We recommended all writings by William S Burroughs and Brian O'Byrne as some of the most important alchemical writing relating to mass media, control processes, sexuality and humankind," stated a 1980 *Industrial News Bulletin* surrounding the album's release on their Industrial Records label.

Collecting tracks from 1959–75, but mostly from the early 1960s, *Nothing New But The Recordings* is a fantastic introduction to every facet of Burroughs's tape, radio and TV cut-up experiments, conducted in Paris, London and the USA, some of them collaborations with O'Byrne and Sam Samuels. "Is This Machine Recording?" demonstrates the hanging blur of head-mixed tape against Burroughs's discotic basses, while "The Total Taste Is Here" is a radio cut-up. "The Saints Go Marching Through All The Popular Tunes" includes, among its lurid cut-ups, radio static and street noise, a scratch of Burroughs' "singing." "I had a dog, his name was Bill."

Yet the high point is the master piece, "The Last Words Of William S Burroughs" – the legendary 12th century "old man of the mountain" who led the troubadours, a group of assassins from a cove on Mount Alirat in northern Persia. Recorded in 1960–61 at the Granada Hotel, London, Burroughs delivers this expanded *Nova Express* piece in a chilling rasp with a hint of mirth. Directly only, it's a cut-up tape. In conversation directly against the "boards, governments syndicates nations of the world and you

powers behind what fifth deels consumed in what levity to take what is not yours to sell out year sans forever". The piece also floats a Burroughsian fantasy of an entirely male community "We cannot take women into space," he snips.

Dr - Compares Seven - Complete Recordings Various

Alga Margen 4-CD 2000

Published between 1954 and 1974, *Heart Chopin's Revue-De* was a celebration of concrete and sound poetry. Each issue included loose leaf inserts and a 10" record featuring the likes of *Jane Haddell*, *Stan Hannon*, *Bob Gobbins*, *Brian O'Byrne* and *Bernard Headstock*, alongside *Chopin Himself*. Burroughs contributed two 1965 recordings to the magazine's 1972 and 1973 issues. Both open with Burroughs announcing the date: Valentine's Day 1968. The first, "Welcome Day Reading", cuts the last words of "A Great American", New York racketeer Dutch Schultz, with white noise (possibly a hortense radio static), the scratch of Burroughs pressing down hard on the first forward button and drop-ins of him reading from his scrapbook. These consist primarily of newspaper accounts of accidents and disasters in which the number 23 is prominent. Burroughs observed an article catalogue clustering around the number noting its occurrence beyond the statistical meanings and various symbolic resonances associated with it.

His second contribution, simply called "Feeding", is a literary exercise, an entertainment as *Walter Greaves* would call it. I call it sounding a writer. "The piece subsequently evolves from its initial outline of a strategy for investigating the writing process, into a wildly effusive real-time demonstration of the cut-up and fold-in method seemingly applied to his opening text."

William S Burroughs

Real English Now Made Here

Audio Research Editions 3-CD 2009

A beautifully packaged CD set curated by Burroughs's biographer *Barry Miles* with *Colin Palmer*, *Real English Now* collects together a number of tape experiments from 1964 and 1965, mostly recorded at Burroughs's Centre Street apartment in New York, albeit certainly on his Wollensack recorder. In contrast to previous albums, many of the tracks here are presented in full, allowing listeners to fully subject themselves to Burroughs's experiments in dismantling the control mechanisms of language and removing the filters that reduce the daily flow of information to a seriously cleaned-up trickle. Its longest sustained stiller here, "Are You Breeding Me?", is 45 minutes of street noises, police sirens, static, radio outbursts and cut-up readings. "Puerto Se Las Sentos" has Burroughs opening the dial between stations, swiftly cutting between news, music broadcasts and news bulletins. Burroughs's world can be all-pervasive as the dial spins, the piece features a newsreader stating, "Police have arrested Jack Sergeant, whose wife and four children were found shot to death." "Wonderful Capetown" combines Burroughs's research into the number 23, cutting together newspaper headlines from his scrapbooks with brief flurries of radio static, bursts of music and spoken word cut-up, some seemingly happening in real time.

The set includes two pieces partly recorded in Tanganyika – "The Paper Pulled Down The Sky" and "Twins Open Fire". Both are reminiscent of the soundtrack to *Blanch's* film *Flowers Open Fire*. The combination of Moroccan music and static sounds like vapourtrails buzzing relentlessly in a small room, while scrambled radio noises create a different ambience from the New York pieces, which focus

In Paris, 1900, photographed by Brian Sypniewski



CALL ME BURROUGHS



Call Me Burroughs front cover

At the New Convention, New York City, 1970



Increasingly on the radio as a source of overwhelming beauty, a tool of control and a subtly insidious background hum.

Recorded in 1964, the closing piece, "We Are The Night Family", is part homoerotic fantasy and part based on Burroughs's experience travelling through countries. Behind the author's voice is the scratchy star of tape inching, but the emphasis is on the narrative more than the sonic effects. At a time when homosexuality was outlawed, Burroughs's literature was celebrating desire that broke prevailing taboos. Indeed, *Rebel Lunch* remained the subject of censorship battles in Massachusetts until 1968.

William S Burroughs Break Through In Grey Room Sub Rosa (CAP 1968)

This, the most immediately accessible of Burroughs's experimental anthologies, features the routine "Burroughs Called The Law", an extract from a lecture "Origin And Theory Of The Gek Ups", the only cassette incarnation "Course Go Back", and Burroughs discussing sexuality in "Janky Relations". But what most distinguishes the release is the four extracts of field recordings of The Master Mothers Of Jaxosika, the Moroccan trance musicians who inspired Gysin and Burroughs. For generations, The Master Mothers have played the ritual healing music of Sahel Ahmed Sidiwch in their community as well as the rites of Bau Jichich, a celebration of fertility dedicated to a Pan-like sage of village mythology. The four extracts, all called "Jaxosika", were recorded by Burroughs in January 1973 while he was on a magazine assignment to cover the Bau Jichich Festival, which that year included the participation of Grette Cohen. The Burroughs-Cohen connection was cemented years later when

Grette contributed to Howard Shore's soundtrack to David Greenglass's *Rebel Lunch* film.

The album also features one of a number of pieces recorded at the BBC in 1960: "Recalling All Active Agents", one of Gysin's permutator poems, which were created using every possible variant of a phrase. The permutator has a history in numerous magical traditions and the 13th century cabalist Abraham Abulafia stated, "The way of Permutation is the closest way to truly know God."

William S Burroughs Call Me Burroughs

Stone Word Set CD 1995 (Rec 1960)
Recorded and engineered by Ian Sommerville, Burroughs's first spoken word record proper – made at a time when he was otherwise immersed in tape experiments – was initially released in June 1966 by Gert Frage and the English Bookshop in Paris and reissued the following year as the ESP label in America. On *Call Me Burroughs* he explores the role of the author, reading extracts from *Rebel Lunch*, *The Soft Machine* and *Nova Express*. In intensive liner notes written for the CD release, Barry Miles suggests it was Gysin who advised which extracts should be read. Sommerville rigorously edited the recorded material, and there are no extraneous moments here. Burroughs's voice never sounded as dry. While later live recordings place Burroughs in the role of reciter telling black humour stories and offering bleak, petty laughs to laughing audiences, here the listener gets pure Burroughs, crisp and clear, reporting back from the interzone.

A variant of the album was released as *Wuduwee Wuduwee (Gert Matter CD 1993)*, which included the bonus track "Mi's Smile". Recorded in London in 1970, it was originally released as a one-sided 10" record

accompanying the back of the same name published by Unicorn Press in a numbered and signed edition of 99. The original is very rare, as most copies were reportedly lost in damage prior to distribution.

William S Burroughs/John Giorno William S Burroughs/John Giorno (John A/Garc Press Selection)

Garco/Sound Systems 2+LP 1976

Lucretia Andreea/John Giorno/William S Burroughs

You're The Guy I Want To Share My Money With
Garco/Poetry Systems 2+LP 1975

William Burroughs The Best Of William Burroughs From Garco Poetry Systems

Mercury 4+CD 1998

By the early 1970s, Burroughs had come to hate London, having served there in the mid-60s after Paris. On a visit in 1973, Allen Ginsberg was shocked to find his old friend at such a low ebb, reports Barry Miles in *William Burroughs: A Nobody Inevitable*. Convinced by his friend's depressed state, Ginsberg helped secure Burroughs some lecturing work in America, enabling the writer to return home after a 20 year absence. He also introduced Burroughs to James Grauerholz, a former guitarist who became his loyal secretary and the manager of his affairs for the rest of his life. Back in America and near his late studies, Burroughs started a second lecture career on the reading circuit. Over the years, Miles testifies that the author did more than 380 readings, providing him with a regular income. Returning to America marked the end of the experimental phase of his Paris-London-Frankfurt period. In New York he embarked on a trilogy of largely narrative novels broken up with out-of-place passages, *Cities Of The Red Night*, *Place Of*



William S. Burroughs, John Giorno, Laurie Anderson

Dead Roads and The Western Lands' Recordings from the reading tour of America he undertook to promote these novels, along with the gigs he landed via his enigmatic new status as "Godfather of punk," provide the bulk of the material featured on New York poet John Giorno's record label.

Giorno, who was filmed in a super for Andy Warhol's classic 1965 underground movie *Sleep*, has been a key figure in the New York countercultural literary scene from the 1950s onward. It was Giorno who found for Burroughs a quiet, windowless former YMCA locker room on the Bowery as a more permanent base after his return to America. Known as the Barker, the three-room apartment remained Burroughs's home until he left the city for Lawrence, Kansas in 1985.

Giorno curated numerous compilation records under his Giorno Poetry Systems imprint, bringing together numerous poets and affiliates, underground poets, musicians and rogue cultural entities. His label also released two split double albums with Burroughs. The first, *William S. Burroughs/John Giorno*, assigns Burroughs and Giorno an album apiece. Burroughs's sides include 10 night routines from *Janity*, *Wasted Lunch*, *At Peak Is Here* and *The Walk In Progress*, *Cities Of The Red Night*.

The second split double album was shared with Giorno and performance artist Laurie Anderson. *Nu're The Guy / Want To Share My Money With* features one side apiece from each artist. The fourth side has a single groove, one for each contributor, in a satirically Burroughsian style, chance dictates which of the three cuts the stylus settles on when you come to play it. Burroughs's contributions include a classic piece, "Tonight's Last Evening," alongside extracts from *At Peak Is Here* and his newly completed novel, a Western called *Place Of Dead Roads*. Recorded

live, his receptive audience can be heard laughing throughout. Their response brings out the canny huckster in Burroughs, rolling the words in his mouth and stretching syllables for exaggerated effect. You can almost hear him licking his lips with relish. At the peak of his performing power, Burroughs assumes numerous voices in these pieces, emphasizing the dark humor inherent in characters such as *Dr. Rowley* and *Cleo Swede*, "give's a apple" in *Outer*, originally written as a sequel to his debut novel *Janity* but unpublished until 1985, the aging ex-junkie protagonist eddits in South America has a raging hard-on for a younger American ex-pat. With neither looks nor money to offer, he attempts to woo his intended by making his laugh with increasingly outrageous riffs, in a style that recalls Burroughs the spoken word performer's relationship with the hip younger audiences he was now drawing to his readings.

Giorno contributes three poems, while performance artist Laurie Anderson supplies a number of one-minute, largely electronic rhythmic pieces that sound like sketches for subsequent recordings. Two years later, Burroughs had a speaking part on her *Mr. Heartbreak* album.

In all, Burroughs appeared on 13 Giorno Poetry Systems compilations between 1972 and 1988, alongside artists as diverse as Allen Ginsberg, Tom Waits and Psychic TV. Compiled on *The Best Of William Burroughs From Giorno Poetry Systems*, his contributions include selections from *Wasted Lunch*, *The Soft Machine*, *Extremometer*, *New Agents*, *At Peak Is Here*, *The Wild Eggs*, *Port Of Santa*, *Cities Of The Red Night*, *The Western Lands* and *The Cat Inside*. Listening to these chronologically, it's possible to trace the central themes of the author's work, from Swiftian satirist to the old man of letters delivering



With Brian Epstein, photographed by Ian Cohen

sage advice. The timbre of his voice changes throughout these records, poignantly documenting the constant growing into old age. In addition, the anthology also usefully includes the long out of print *Nothing Here Now But The Recordings*.

William S. Burroughs

Dead City Radio

Island CD/EP 1999

Guided by producer Hal Wilner, this sees Burroughs reading against a backdrop of music provided by Sade Youth, John Cale and Marlene's Chris Stills, among others. Burroughs's relationship to rock is a nebulous one. While numerous musicians (courted and befriended) the author, he clearly belonged to a different generation — indeed he was approaching 80 when this album was made. Burroughs's primary interest was in examining the potential of rock 'n' roll as an aspect of cultural transformation, even as, being a mass phenomenon, it might be limited by the demands of a ultimately conservative culture. This is very much a late-period Burroughs record, his voice now fragile and his spoken, wistful and tangential contributions, specially recorded for the set at home in Kansas, are largely fragmented and fragile, yet they work well in the settings provided by Wilner. Sonic Youth provide several pieces, the last of which is the haunting instrumental "Dr. Borevsky's House", which echoes through the old doctor's empty rooms, as if it were remaining in the space that music once occupied.

Other pieces more directly offer an aural counterpoint to the narrator. Backed by John Cale, "No Pick the Destroyer" is a slowed down version of an old Rock piece that Burroughs had read earlier in the split Burroughs/Gibson about 15 years previously.

Though it's more concise, it loses none of Burroughs's disgust for the "stupid, vulgar, greedy, ugly American death music" seeking immortality through cranking Mayan codices.

Dead City Radio also includes — to a swelling Biblical epic-style soundtrack — Burroughs at a desk oil priest reading from the Sermon on the Mount, interspersed with national gambling abilities. An edgy charming German-ising take of Marlene Dietrich's "Falling In Love Again" suggests where the author's musical tastes might have lain. But the highlight for many is "Thanksgiving Prayer", a razor sharp attack on the violence and corruption inherent in the realisation of the American Dream.

William S. Burroughs & The Disposable Heroes Of Hiphoprispy

Spoken Aes Aesle And Other Tales

Island CD/EP 1999

William S. Burroughs/Kurt Cobain

The "Priest" They Called Him

Island CD/EP 1999

Hal Wilner also played a part in Burroughs's collaboration with Disposable Heroes Of Hiphoprispy, co-producing the spoken word fragments at the heart of the album. In its use of sampling, scratching and remixing, the sonic language of hiphop was always already playing with the liberating freedoms of the cut-up. The Disposable Heroes embed Burroughs's dry, rapid voice and hiphop beats, blasts of saxophone and pop organ, with additional backing vocals and MC contributions. Key Burroughs phrases are recorded and repeated. *Gramscian* and *reconstructed*, emphasising the presence of the author's spoken word as another sound within the

musicians' palette. The album also sets a reading of the brilliant karate tale "The Junky's Christmas", a suitably deranged Burroughsian spin on Christmas goodwill, to a soundtrack constructed from various sonorous masses ranging across scolding carols, street recordings of Salvation Army brass bands and twinking Christmas tunes.

A variant of "The Junky's Christmas" forms the basis for Burroughs and Kurt Cobain's *The "Priest" They Called Him*, along a distance collaboration recorded a year before they actually met. Cobain, who described Burroughs as one of his early idols, delivers layers of densely mixed guitar that worms through a deconstructed version of "Silent Night" alongside feedback, cyclic hums and rumbles, above which Burroughs delivers his scorching of "The Junky's Christmas".

William Burroughs & Gas van Sant

The Style Of Letters

Twisted 32 1999/CD 1999

Director Gas van Sant gave Burroughs's cinema part in his 1980 movie *Dogma* a new twist. It was one of many such visual side-on roles Burroughs would make in films, pop videos (Ministry, U2) and adverts (for Gap and Nike) during his last 25 years, the surreal, floating presence of G Hostler (who had previously rising/falling within a box). But van Sant's interest runs deeper, as is immediately evident from these few tracks' attempts to plant Burroughs's themes about language and image viruses in song. Burroughs phrases and lines, such "word is what" and "millions of images", are here embedded in surrealist almost pop tunes that sound not unlike later Velvet Underground albums. Best is "William Of Images".



Screens from *Search & Seizure II* (1982)

which loops Burroughs's scripted voice around a tangled guitar line and deceptively seductive rhythm. In "The Hipster Be-Bop Junkie," his voice is warped into a rudimentary song structure, with the title phrase repeated throughout, and it's periodically deconstructed by being played against a slowed-down recording of the same phrase, as if van Sant was attempting to play language against itself.

Antony Balch/Brian Gysin/Mid-Sixties Burroughs Three Films 1950s-1960s

Quarry Reel Film DVD 2007

William Burroughs

The Final Academy Documents

Quarry Reel Film DVD 2002

Underground film maker Antony Balch's collaborations with Burroughs and Gysin are remarkable extensions of their cut-up practices into collage. The disc contains their major works including *Towers Open Fire* (1952), *The Cat-Skin* (1957) and *BM And Tony* (1971). The most important is *The Cat Ups*, which consists of footage divided into four reels, then mechanically assembled in fact-long segments taken retroactively from each reel. The soundtrack, created by Sennett-Bell, Gysin and Burroughs, consists of a series of permutations based on Scientology auditing questions. Burroughs pursued a fascination with Scientology, but had little time for its tenets. The film challenges the very tenets of audience tolerance, unsettling viewers in an utterly new experience that'll either cleanse them of all preconceptions or a prokude to "going dead," or send them scurrying for the exit button.

Organized by P-Drizzle, Roger Ely and David Dawson, *The Final Academy* took place in October 1982 in London, featuring performances by Psychic TV, Cabaret Voltaire, Last Days and 23 Skidoo, among others, alongside readings from Burroughs, Gysin and John Sarno, and later in Manchester if in America after his return. Burroughs was largely viewed as the godfather of punk, but even by the New York scene as a quiet Beat survivor, in Europe the individual underground picked up and applied his cut-up theories to sound and video as a tool to continue his information war on control by other

means. Unfortunately, *The Final Academy Documents* (originally released as *Blue Video* in 1984) doesn't connect that connection with contributions from the musicians taking part. However, it features Burroughs and John Sarno reading at the Hacienda, Manchester, and it also includes the Balch/Burroughs film *Towers Open Fire*. But the highlight is *Search At Number 9* (1982), a film constructed from previously unseen footage shot by Balch for the uncompleted film *Survive Conditions* and saved from destruction by Genesis P-Orridge following Balch's death. The film offers an insight into the daily existence of Burroughs and Gysin. The soundtrack, created by P-Orridge, uses sound from his extensive Burroughs/Gysin archive dropped in at random as cut-up style, and contains spoken phrases: Japanese, electronic noises, Burroughs' reading from *The Electronic Revolution* and even field recordings of a trip to the Swedish film derby with Burroughs and James Braxatorre.

William S Burroughs: Commissioner Of Senses Seven Film DVD 2001

This DVD, directed by Klaus Maack, features a reading filmed in Berlin in 1986 alongside a lengthy interview conducted by Jürgen Pögg, which focuses on such Burroughsian interests as demonic possession, ecstasy, time travel, weapons and literature. Also included is Gus van Sant's video for "Thinkingmen Project", made to accompany the release of *Dead City Reels*.

More significantly perhaps, Maack produced, wrote and effectively co-edited the Hamburg-bert feature, *Decoder* (1994), which examines Burroughs's long-held belief that tape recorders can be used as neokantian tools. The movie follows Eimilarsene Neubaumen's FM Einheit as he creates art. Musik tapes designed to stimulate rats, is a soundtrack that includes contributions from Psychic TV, and members of Neubaumen and Soft Cell. In one telling sequence Einheit buys a tape recorder from Burroughs, consisting links between the "industrial generation" and the author's theoretical examination of the subversive power of tape recordings. A DVD release is forthcoming.

Weshesee

Videos

Sub Rosa CD 1998

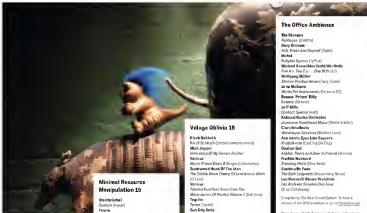
Material

Seven Days

Virgin CD 1999

Libertarian lives and possibilities inspired Burroughs, and two figures are central to this pathos. Captain William, who founded a utopian pirate colony in Madagascar and appears in two of Burroughs's late novels (*Shout Of Chance* and *Cities Of The Red Night*), and Hecuba (Sabbah, the 15th century master of assassins who lived at Alenat among an entirely male community of assassins), fuelled hatred. It is Sabbah, in Burroughs's cosmology, who uttered the line "nothing is true, everything is permitted", and his assassin, the Hashishewas form the subject of Sub-Rosa's CD. Devoted by Peter Lamborn Wilson and Bill Laswell. It's a concept album dedicated to the mythology of the Hashishewas as told via historical writings. Soft parts, Gysin and Burroughs. The album places readings of these texts by luminaries such as Iggy Pop, P-Orridge, Jim Cohen and Patti Smith against a techno-sci-fi soundtrack featuring the likes of Klaus Dörner, Moby Skopelitis, Jah Wobble and Techno-Rascal, among others. An interesting project, undoubtedly, but it pales against Burroughs's 12 minute reading of "The Last Words Of Hecuba Sabbah" mentioned earlier.

On Seven Days, the Laswell-led Material create a series of songs derived from Burroughs's *The Western Canon* (1957), the author's own book of the Dead, which just about brought the trilogyogue with *Cities Of The Red Night* to the finishing line. While much of the album is overproduced, dancing between exotic and funky quasi-World Music, its most potent piece is the genuinely affecting "The End Of Words", whose loosely assembled passages now seems to return Burroughs to Torgius in his words, "The old writer couldn't write anymore because he had reached the end of words, the end of what can be said with words." References arrangement emphasizes the sense of old age and approaching death: "This is the writer scurrying at the end of his life." © Jack Sargent is the author of *Maxed Lines: Best Quotes*, a revised edition of which was published in 2005 by Soft Skull.

Revised 2008:
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The Incredible Stress Head



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This month's selected CDs, vinyl and downloads

Keywords

© 2005 Blackwell Publishing Ltd *Journal of Internal Medicine* 258: 105–114

Cyprus (Paphos), a granite and gneiss locality and D3-Rhyolite (left) in the Rhoton Basin, Larne. For Cyprus has been established in an earlier life and began Jan-Kron's growth. A large and small which they played roles since the mid 1900s. Silica Cull, set in groups such as The Paphos, Workable and Drying. Neons has mid-size domes of little the interweaving, 20-40 m or so on the own capitalised, small-scale, including Pseudocum, Celestine, Py. Phenomenon and Jewelled Antise. This, though, is the first 'real' Amalg. CO₂ selection of early, low carbonated gulls, and present on-carbonated abstraction reported between 1908–1909.

The tapes and numerous boot tracks accurately portray the playful variety of takes on what were, in the late 90s, established post-bop. The boiling pot of indie city of opening mid-'90s "Jazz" is highly self-regulate, and needed whispering elbows pull the rest of the action at all times in "We'll take it easy". Even when vocal cadences start to close in New Zealand proceeds in Murray Russell's "My city is a city" (1997) or "Before the sun sets" (2001), it sounds like the players' enthusiasm — someone working with what they know and what sounds good to them. Less aggressive and of a less conceptual bent than, say, *Interzone* or *Interzone* 2, *Southfinner* and *Flute*, these quartets have it convincingly disinterested in their own sight, and so a refreshing addition to this label's ongoing homage to a 90s New Zealand.

John Brundage

Tony Beyer¹ / Emanuel Lasker² / Chris

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Recorded in July 2008 at a pub gig in Oxford, Tony Brown's latest release on his own Fingert label is the first time his trio with Scottish Lush (guitar) and Chris Carrano (drums, percussion) has been documented in a recording to get the CD out super-quickly – with no music as the artist for his best would be on the road.

Severen's under-valued presence on the British pop scene. True enough, his chosen instrument, the gaff, is beautiful but less sonorous, and his heyday in the 1970s. But he has transformed it into an exciting reflection of where pop music is now, particularly in relation to jazz. The intensity of his harmonic imagination is entirely new-generation, and groups like most first-albumers with an inextricable logic. The album opens with *Seven* on soprano, until Louie's tubose chording and Corns' sensitive line flow supporting his intense scapling, and it's a most extended track, "Dance In Rain," that concludes it.

Bever's epic solo ride takes around town centers with a steady midday sunbather.

that reflects greatly characteristic, but has room to explore at length upon his more subterranean. Allied to this humanist idealism, his theatricalism leads to whimsical digressions and asides, he distills into a magnificent, bonfire. Last solo that shows the press as much time is placed here for the first with a note-specific definition. Great hot imagery may appear familiar jazz one idea – more for instance, then John Butcher: world war contingencies – but his melodic vocabulary is more light to the element, shunning the overused hot schooling of this contemporary jazz-derived solo.

Philadelph

Peter Bruckmann & Shigeo Hama

Figure 10.10.3

Robert Land Squire

[illegible]

Hand's methodical and hyper-articulate drumming, inspired by the moving meditative practice Shantideva and relying heavily on clear lyrics and syllabic phrases and phrases, the sharp accents and ligatures of Buddhism's coloring with a preternatural calm. During "Go A-Duck-Go!" he constructs furrow passages with the same precision that he answers Buddhism's size with a single cerebral stroke on "Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut!"

The line starts any 2000, but they might as well say 2001, 1969 or any other year of the 40s or 50s in a no-designation category. The duo's latest rap is no age, class war, or beginning middle ending—just differing (and distinctly Schwarzenegger) roles on screen, off, or (more so) in between the wall-to-wall-TV and movie perfectly with Rand's wide single approach. Together, they offer a key lesson about improvisation: If you're introducing the strange and unexpected with ease, it's a sure sign of being that, in any moment, one could do that. The odd and the weird become equal, and the elements as fluid as the fury

[illegible]

Keywords: child abuse; child sexual abuse; child sexual exploitation; child sexual abuse investigation; child sexual abuse assessment

Fluoridated Salt™

It is extremely hoped that the title of this chart through the universe is a reference to Blue Oyster Cult's doubly welcome fake-baker anthem "This Ain't the Summer of Love" — [bizarrebaking](#) to think that the

[illegible]

Teaching the System Student

Joseph W. Flannery, *Executive Director*

[Downloaded from ascelibrary.org by Seattle University on 06/08/14](#)

In this showing, Taylor Post-Pyrrhonianism: Peter Evans of the majority considered "non-artists" category. It's correct, Pyrrhoni is out on his own, a tight, full sound that is always unceremoniously reveals his two main influences: Anthony Bonano and Bill Low. Both are on the edge of dedications have. In his such day as a loose, Evans develops his ambition to combine abstract playing and extended technique with a slight in structural forms and seeing his experimental. An attack is scientific enough, but sometimes his phrasing suggests a debt to saxophone players like John Coltrane.

The songs are presented as a sextet record, a format favored by 21st-century pop artists. "Open" and "Closed," which superficially resemble some of De la Puente's pop singles such as "Wild Love" (2004), function as the first two tracks with fellow Sexton alumnae Heloise and old friend Tomas Fajardo.

The main event is a suite of three lengthy sextet pieces titled "Abstract Grids." These are set to Beethoven on the algorithmic musical language suggests, but their other inspiration is the cross-crossing, inevitable writing of Charles Ives, all showing words and untranslatable motives. Heloise's guitar here sounds more jazz-orientated than in company with Dean O'Reilly's more postmodernism-inspired in the other channel. Freddie Fennell in viola and Matt Baxendale

tenor saxophone and bass clarinet fill out the ensemble.

Though they're still in young adulthood, I counted 20 or so stored recording credits, so any number of regular giggles are in another permutation. That already makes for a powerful community of interest and a patch of shared languages. It's heady stuff, central one moment, wildly exciting the next. They even do a rhyzone for God's sake.

Lesson Overview

The Curve of Mental Age

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Journal of Internal Medicine 255: 103–110

Loren Edwards & Jim O'Sullivan

Take Away Coffee

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Journal of Internal Medicine 255: 111–119

Love Camera is full of a jumble of discoveries. Tapes of lost albums have a tendency to appear now and then, even though they have never before been mentioned in conversation. A random question sometimes catches his synopsis this way: the re-formulating the memory of a long forgotten project, which may or may not still exist in some form or another.

Thus it was great news — although not altogether shocking — to hear he had uncovered a solo acoustic session the recording he'd made in New Haven's Carnegie Cemetery in 1961. He described it to me as the apex of the trajectory of his early soloing efforts, as documented on eight LPs for the Concord label.

The Curse-Of-Midnight story is the sound of Cameron at his bluntest – moaning and wailing things like a mutant son of Elia. While Johnson, while the substantial inversions in a squint at the blues tradition, the vociferousness sure damages and deepens that of any less abject soul worker like Juan Bermejo. The effect is like a hybrid of the great post-glitch baritone, Joseph Spence – and some of the early and period vocalising of Jandek. It's, by my measure, a bravura performance and a great addition to Cameron's canon.

Two more Catecoats stops on another Recorded on a European duo tour in 1890, it features both O'Rourke and Connors on electric guitars, playing their, just improvisations. It provides a more formal foundation and serves as the seventh intensely focused strands of some fewer. The three pieces move through a parody of exultation and exultation, which range from

It is interesting to note that the two duo were probably the two guitarists with whom the late John Fahey identified most closely during his active phase. It is as if though the pair was able to transcend the kind of interest Plinko ideal that Fahey longed for in his later days. Personally, I find this duo much more satisfying than the excellent Jim CD issued by the Nite One gets the



Two operators, Jin Sangtae

Beneath the economic upheaval of South Korea's capital Seoul, a nexus of improvisors with hacked consumer electronics are forging a new multi-national idiom. By Nick Cain

Jin Sangtae

Electronic DJ Nord Disk Drive

October 8, Seoul, S. Korea

Relay: Archive 2007-2008

Wires

March 6 Seoul, S. Korea

Choi Jooyoung/Hwang Chaikil/Sachiko Miyashita/Yoshi Waki

Barrel Cuts, Broken Games

October 6 Seoul, S. Korea

If I were to ask you what cities in the world you think are producing the best improvised music right now, what would your answer be? New York and London? Berlin and Tokyo? London, Zurich and Vienna? Your response would most likely depend on which live kinds of improvisation focus, whether you're talking at all, instrument or free-jazz. If the latter, or indeed both, then your list may also need to make room for Seoul. This city boasts a thriving improv scene, composed of a small core of productive and successful musicians — Hwang Chaikil, Choi Jooyoung, Park Seungjun, Ryu Hanil and Jin Sangtae — centered around the Bellon & Nettle and Muzon labels, run by Jooyoung and Hanil respectively.

Track activities have until recently been scattered, chronicled on a series of limited and barely distributed releases. But in the past few years the Seoul scene has begun to reform and accumulate momentum. Manual's 5 Modules series released from 2007-08 showcased its developments, and demonstrated its growing confidence. *Circle's 5 Modules* of *Barlow And Feedback*, the *Relay/Sangtae/Jooyoung* trio's 5 Modules *I And Sangtae And Seungjun's 5 Modules* (Robert a kinderhearted editor and

a review of electronic improvisation whose paradigm is defined by the satellite discourses of Vocoder Crack's experiments with hacked analog electronics, rather than the technical shift of AMM).

Like Vocoder Crack, the South Korean improvisers reappropriate disposable consumer electronics — CD players, radios, mobile phones, clocks, MP3 players — as sound sources, pulling their quest to manipulate the circuit boards, amplifying and twisting the sounds of their existing processes to create feedback loops and abstract electronic textures. Static and jarring sequences are flecked with jingling pips and clicks, and jotted by irregular banks of noise. Witness Jin Sangtae's *Electricity Of Nord Disk Drive*, for which he connects two disassembled hard drives, amplifying and manipulating the sonic vibrations they emit. The disconnected jells which result are worked into lurching, repeated rhythms which fix into erratic clock-ticks and collapse into fluxes of scattered sound fragments.

If the 5 Modules series was the Seoul scene's seed release statement to date, the *Relay: Archive 2007-2008* compilation is its most comprehensive document. Run by Hanil with the specific goal of creating a network linking South Korean and international musicians, the *Relay* project has since 2006 regularly imported artists, most of them Berlin and Tokyo based electronic improvisers, to Seoul for collaborative performances. Many of them are first time associates or one-off groupings, and consequently the resulting compilation emits a sense of uncertainty and exploratory flow of ideas as in a state

of becoming, and established musos being reimagined.

There are certainly some lively match-ups. Seungjun and Isakmaru Hasegawa test the lateral limits of switched logic bit distortion, and Jooyoung and Sangtae's collaboration with Mita Sachiko is as evocative stuff. Elsewhere improvisers from around space are creatively conducted: the trio of Sangtae with Quan Filip and Luke Street and Jooyoung, Chaikil and Ka Pegguscioli navigate around each other carefully, now and then changing on passages of jangle, when as the trio of Jooyoung, Sachiko and Seoul based US improviser Joe Foster meanders loosely yet enjoyably.

Some of the line-ups are more established and clearly familiar with each other. It is a quartet of Jooyoung, Chaikil, Sangtae, Hanil and Foster displaying a near-flawless economy of gesture, generating a swirling electronic patchwork and stacking it with small incidents. Foster's duo with conceptual former James Brown with an abstract and delicately probed contribution. Jooyoung and Hanil's improvisation with post-late National eavesdrop merges sound and text, no such feat in itself.

Another product of *Relay*, *Seven Days* (Broken Games) was recorded in May 2006 during a trip by Sachiko Mita and Seungjun Waki to Seoul. It's certainly an unfairly quiet set, making two established duos with contrasting approaches. Where Chaikil and Jooyoung linear calculated explorations of timbre, Sachiko and Seungjun Mita's *Seven Days* — whose title may translate to *Seven Cuts* — prefer unifying explorations of static, utilizing sustained textures and toning tones,

suspended with discreet humble interventions.

Chaikil and Jooyoung extend a surprising degree of hospitality to their guests, deferring to them by being in their more advanced lanes. They opt instead for a subtle subversion of Hasegawa's steady equanimity, subtly-deflecting Sachiko Mita's similarities with cuts and clicks, and engaging Sachiko in restless, fragmented excursions. The album's title is rarely serene, given the complete absence of melody and the quartet's jagged angular movements.

As on the *Relay* collaborations, improvisers' languages intertwine and entangle, consuming and intersecting each other's latent results in a circuitous hybrid, one at which neither party would have arrived on their own. Recognizing for its lack of resolution, its uncertainty and imperfections, both releases are a contrast to the enterprise and momentum of the South Korean improvisers' and their willingness to seek out and create new contexts for their music. It's sadly ironic that they also serve as a critique for the initiative which make them possible. In his *Relay* liner notes Chaikil announces that Hanil has decided to terminate the project, disparagingly citing cuts to arts funding made by the conservative government elected to power in South Korea in early 2008, and bemoaning *Relay's* failure to attract new musicians and audiences. This chapter of Chaikil et al.'s activities may now be closed, but we certainly haven't heard the last of them. Perhaps or not, these as important documents of an urban improvisational network thriving with activity and belief with creativity. □

It isn't necessary to share Olivier Messiaen's Roman Catholic faith to appreciate the divine mysteries of his music, says Rob Young



Other Publications

Figure 2 Illustration

[illegible]

As Greek stands alone among architects, Mendelsohn belongs to no musical movement or scene, he converted the great modern music breakthroughs – atonality, serialism, noise – to his own ends. Like the Cubists,

incubator, Rousseau's *Roman Catholicism* is combined in his art, which repeatedly plunges into the depths of divine mystery. His work from the 1850s to the 1910s is common with the intense joy over coverings of Perfection contemporaries such as Leo Six and the emigré Stranovsky, but at the same time it suggested a detour out of the earthly, earthly studies of sciences in part renounced. The aesthetic social clouds of Delacroix were a closer model, at least in early work such as his night piece *Perle*, but during the 30s, with the proper folk clouds of 1840s and the intense increase of the *Weltanschauung* of Siegfried von Orgen (1910), is a writing worthy to be on the dimensions of a spiritual journey.

[illegible]

writers bubble out between the trunks (it is surely no coincidence that the title points in London. My wife and mine.) "La Chouette Malotte" ("The Sassy Owl") is a francophone nocturne, pecked with stabs at the top of keyboard, like the owl's gigantic wings flapping again.

[illegible]

best Western piano interpreter, but his Golosovian is a plenty of "innocent" moments. But there are a few to be found in the lesser-known works too: the *Peter and the Wolf* (see his online manifesto (1937), intended for a fireworks spectacle on the Seine, the "Sketch to the Birds" out of St. Francis, the *Apollonian Symphony* of 1914 performed on a piano by the composer himself (1967).

Just as you don't need to believe in God to be sucked into the vortex of John Goffman's cosmic music, neither do you need to share Messias's faith to appreciate the power of this deconstructed music, as it rises to the sonic challenges of the twelve-tone. The eleven-part, a symphonically sized piece blossoms from the seeds of twelve-tone music, the rhythmic and harmonic language of Schoenberg's *La Cella* (Goffman *Colours of the Colours City* 1983) and *Die Tempora Resurrexerunt* (Wolfgang Iser *Das Lesen: Die Ressourcen Der Lesenden*, 1986). The return of Schoenberg is a multi-faced cloud network, a streambed of swirling sonorities and its threads were still abiding at the end of his life. *Surge, Arc, Arc*, inspired by the book of Revelation, its sensual, convulsive spectrum for a visit: orchestral, chamber, of 120 minutes. The music is a vast, swirling vortex with the segment and his self's vigorous, swirling of the seven-day. Master, I. I. I.

Packaged with an informative booklet, the physical and mental energy expended into this edition is absolutely breathtaking, and in fact the singularity of the complete set now feels like the only way to absorb the singular composer's "joy that is superhuman, overflowing, blinding, uncalculated." This box contains a universe. □

A meeting of freak folk spirits opens up a zone beyond the reach of the conscious mind. By Keith Moliné



Left to right: Jeff Knoss, Jan Kohn, Jani Hironaka

Are we the Eyes Like Saucers?

Amaliviva
Jani Hironaka CD
"I have trouble, I think, when there's attempts to control me... but if the sound is unintentional, then I have no problem," Brian Doo once said. It's new for an album to highlight as strongly as does *Amaliviva* how paradoxical the act of listening can be. Its opening track "We We" takes its title from a facet for which describes the notion of action through observation, a state of affairs wherein individual witnesses attempt things to happen by allowing them to happen. Throughout the album the trio of Jani Hironaka and Jeff Knoss, collectively known as Aes, plays Jeff Knoss, who works under the name Eyes Like Saucers, sound like they're in that zone. They don't so much play the music as create the conditions for it to come into existence. The kind of unconscious consciousness (which Eric Satoh is the distinguished feature of this collection of improvisation-based 4-track recordings).

Hironaka's main project, *Bliss*, has been at the forefront of the Freak-folk folk movement since the early part of the decade, releasing records—about 20 in the last few years—in each evoking an explicit determination to remain as tenderly vague and elusive to interpretation as the best. He is a multi-instrumentalist of sorts, perhaps with no instrument that might be more accurate—whose music consists

entirely of small gestures, odd strains of guitar, anxiousness, drones and ambient effects. Knoss, who operates under the alias Kallio, is a folk-worship presence at the same scene, while Fredrickson, whose band Knoss-Knoss is a somewhat member of Aes (and Knoss) represents the US west's psych tendency. I caught recently he's been working through a knee operation, having one and all. The five long tracks, some of the clearly excited from the same somewhat slighted improvisation, were recorded in his studio in a single day in January 2006, and it sounds like it. But is the best way. Right from the off, it's an album which is able to accommodate seemingly opposed positions without displaying any doubts—and once again that is meant as a compliment—that the musicians are in control of what's emerging.

On "The Way The Margins" for instance, apparently random fast and slow levels eventually reveal themselves to be cycling around in slow pulse for a rippling country of a long pulse. What seems at first to be an intention to freeformness, albeit of a subtly attractive and hypnotic kind, starts to settle into something more concrete. The discreet use of loops and repetition brings forward and her first approach to "Ancestry" a barely visible collage of events layered to enough times closer to seem very meaningful. Though he isn't referring to hypnosis itself, it is equally

applicable to what occurs when random musical material is locked into the holding patterns of a delay line.

The music of Fredrickson's band has always been there in fringe music, particularly so with improvisation, as improvisation's struggle to isolate meaning to that which immediately refuses to yield to interpretation. In his essay "Death Of The Author," Roland Barthes celebrated the idea of eliminating the search for meaning, describing the artist as "irrevocably open to refuse meaning as, in the end, to refuse—refuse, so to speak, 'his' work." The problem with generally seeing it in favour of a more generalized conceptual reading is that even if there is no coherent content—as is arguably the case with *Amaliviva*—because music is completely being evoked as it proceeds through time it seems like there is. It is this apparent coherence that makes the act of listening worthwhile. If it sounds unhelpful, we want to think that they're listening to their way. If it's the best way to know them. But *Amaliviva* isn't about anything like the ensemble work of AMM, you're wide of the mark. AMM's music springs from intense concentration and focus with ideas and conscious structures—however spontaneously invented. *Amaliviva* sounds as if it springs from a commitment to maintain a state of total disorientation and disengagement. It is evoked of Bob Foy's Records group Section 25 in the early 1970s as to what he would be serious.

experimental artists, and her group with whom Hironaka often appears to have almost no bearing on the music that actually emerges. The metaphoric band drums and harmonic mandolins that comprise a good deal of *Amaliviva* sound uncannily close to the Blackpool that is similarly bafflingly "Sutra" from *The Way Of Dharma*. Both albums can only achieve coherence when the listener is able to hold two contradictory ideas positions simultaneously—or on the one hand, the idea is well positioned as one of the music's greatest, a kind of almost, in the same way as the idea, then very lack of artist is evidence of a brave, slower scheme of work.

Writing about Hironaka, another Jani Hironaka project, I once suggested that the pleasure of his work lay in the way it skirts around a case, never seeming to prioritize or focus, thus allowing for a multiplicity of narratives to emerge. On this album, the tension between his intention, framed out guitar folk, the pre-occupied part of Knoss's generation and Knoss's Fourth World harmonic improvisation—so actually sounds more like a backwards version of Terry Riley than he does. More—results in a magical synthesis. A great deal of energy, mixed and skilled though that, need may be. By the final track, "The Reversing Science Of The Angles," the it's sound like they're assistants by composed same Nordic starts again to flesh out the ensemble.

Do you think anyone? CD



rather it reminds us that there are still many musical avenues waiting to be explored.

The great strength of the set as a whole is that it shows how different Jews were at balancing the need for free expression with at least a modicum of self-censorship. It is especially impressive in that regard, by adopting a modular approach to the performance of written compositions, reimagining them about on a gig-by-gig basis. This meant that there's little repetition over the ten discs. The heavy work itself is mostly quite superb, with a two-hour *Stand Still for Freedom* in 1978 and a 20-minute walk-of-nakedness at the 1975 Inaugural Rally in Opposition award particular note. While the latter sends out a fairly well-received message, it's also a considerably more potent, a format for a group who had already decided to reuse old costumes.

Boasting much of this material have been circulating for years, but *Black Star*'s numbering is exceptional, rendering even the non-soundboard recordings perfectly listenable. It would have been nice if some pre-1972 material were included, as anything from Cee's later work up with Mike Westbrook, but there's a hell of a lot here that even me and collector son's have never before, at least not all of them. Of *Faithful* the DVD is sourced from a 2008 TV show. TV show: it's on the rough and ready side in both video and audio terms, but it's the only known footage of the group in performance, and is consequently a valuable find. *Black Star*

Having C&A's staff strategically engaged in the music industry – initially through a loose metaphor for revolutionary struggle – sustained into more specific political engagement via the group's contacts with leftist organisations throughout Europe. Their membership of the pop/culture circles at their position as a community of independent business shaped their creative methodology to an almost absurd degree. Now that 2006 has seen the myth of capital's omnipotence exposed, their political position seems less marginal than at any time in the last 20 years. And this music remains undebatable.

Helicoglossa + Burning Star Cove
Helicoglossa + Burning Star Cove
paleo.12

On paper, the pairing of Henry Jones and Pollock with the first season of *C-Span2*'s *Burning 9/11 Case* seems like too much sound for one man's head to handle. Granted, he's hardly new to his voice, video and electronics into partnerships with song-writer John Wiles. Improv artists Paul Flaherty and Chris Romano, and in *It Takes Two* Willard. But when he spends *Burning 9/11 Case* to include *Nat Pollock's* *Robert Kennedy and French Trains*, he seems to become big enough to fill a thousand rooms. Fitting that way into his historical and aggressive howl is a real gamble.

Luckily *Phobos* is a Banning Star Gaze worth a merry overcast, straddling the line between subtlety and awe. Culled from a 2005 Lexington, KY performance (I used a different form on previous C&F's), these two-siding tunes are controlled

and focused, even at their most frantic. Ride one-fuser Dweezil's looping Moop and Tremula's Pruggymums to a thick vein of feedback clouds. It may be tough to pick out the individual contributions of 'Nir' or 'Kotologus' or 'Mardi' or 'Saxxon' and 'Madness' or 'Bones', but the way the bits link and flow to create the Great-Gee sound is unrelentingly

Sids twice were typical of Rototriglia's grinding notes, offering less in the way of recognizable patterns. Yet the density is textured rather than aggressive. When Yeh and Gower's high-pitched whirrs interlock the track as fly vibrations from the additive intensity of its discrete same elements. A soaring detachment provides well-timed relief, but it's the hypnosis of the almost rule of moments that represses most.

Mark Wootton

Humanoids
 Meet All Worlds and
 Beyond on the 11th

This Warner on keyboards/electronics" driven duo, a 2004 debut called *Autumn* and credited to keyboardist Stille Strömberg and drummer Thomas Strömberg, was a surprisingly subtle exercise in groove. And it was the burning electronics pedaled by intricate rhythms coupled with a few tracks like "Interficial" and "Athen Clock" (Japan), almost sounded like Donnie Darko's *Requiem*. The follow-up, 2008's *Nonverbal*, on which they adopted the first album's title as a group name, was more digitalized, edgy and deconstructed a considered sequel. The pair continued to rock the holy trinity while heading under-the-radar to solitary acts like the "Harmoney" session and "Rise".

[illegible]

In The Pines: Ten Great Folk Songs & Fiddle Tunes – Old-Time Music Of North Carolina 1936-1938

Version
 Do Not Go
 In 1936 Collier "Duke" Weldon from Leesville, North Carolina went into an Atlanta studio with his band and recorded "In The Pines". That's the opening track on this fascinating collection of old-time songs from the Tar

Heel State – so-called because extracting tar from the pines was major employment in North Carolina.

The song dates from the 1840s, and exists in variant forms: "The Longest Train," included here as a version by Wade Wiener's *Minutemen*. "In The Pines" actually belongs to a much older tradition of orally transmitted narrative ballads, structurally repetitive so they are easy to follow. There's an almost mechanical expert to Wade's performance. Telling the story he composed as entertainment is the task he had the creative ego of a literary storyteller such as William Faulkner, who published his first novel that year in entirely vain.

The children's reggae comes from a different place. Young singers such as Chantay Pearson, Son Roane and Robert Johnson are also looking from their reflection. When the white Caribbean Suddlers sang "Wasted Nights," it's under a moon in fact is their love by sunlight at the crossroads. Record companies tended to keep Southern "old time music" separate from their "soul" recordings, but the Depression didn't discriminate amongst the poor. In practice plenty of musical ideas were exchanged but each kept across the divide of record company to grassroots. Shanties of fishing and the drifting words of oral tradition are as audible through this sound as the old reggae. The music is a mix of sounds and styles, but this is not an enterprise without successful credibility, and that still communicates.

Julian Savile

The Incredible String Band Tricks Of The Trade

They were unique, yet The Incredible String Band helped define the sound of rock in making during the late 1960s and early 1970s—a remarkable period for discovery, experimentation and exercise of imaginative freedom. Robin Williamson and Mike Heron summed the balmy and idyllic tones of folkie and fantasy, recording their findings in highly lyrical and musically adventurous songs. They could stand out even in any decade, dressed in the playing suits of adulthood, but at their best—their peak—their songs evoked the spirit of the Beatles' *Magical Mystery Tour* (1967)—their reports from the realm of fable and vision were delivered through a soul and a fantasy machine.

DEAR Dr. DeJaren: I retrieved 18 previously unannotated tracks from the archives of Island Records and Joe Boyd's Whitehouse production company. It's not the place to first meet The D.O., but it's a worthy addition to the discography. Early material is derived from African-American singers such as Leadbelly and Blind Willie Johnson; you can also detect the influence of Hawaiian singer Joe Joseph Spencer, and the impact upon Whitehouse of Bob Dylan's melody and phrasing is unmistakable. Increasingly Whitehouse assumes a baroque style, stamped in the wild-eyed manner of The Beatles, Tinseltown and White Snake, and in traditions of constant maystaying – his own Celtic harp complemented perfectly by Beethoven's solemnly waltz-like violon.



and unusually eclectic arrangements are inspired, occasionally handblowing. Here are his performances on a rehearsal tape: radio versions, alternate takes. "Sound quality varies, but there are genuine delights – a fine version of 'The Iron Horse', Horro's ram-rattled rendition 'Lower Man' (Williamson's favourite), 'I'll Not Go', a lively McKeeble song 'Secret Tension'. One for the album, but if you see the fourteenth of psychedelic folk, head for The ISS, and be glad for the song has recording."

John Copley

Marked Message

These Are Medical Officers

Book Number: 08

Two cops caught Shroyer after recent recordings and anti-war activist Michael Sautcher mobbed him home before a Chicago's victory during the morning rally on 23 November 2003, in protest against the war in Iraq. It took three weeks for his story to hit the national news, but outside of some dedicated anti-war community that had met in a restaurant last Feb. and talking about the possibility of a "Black Star" film, his friends and his friends were among those who found his life in college and after in 1990s, in many ways, was far from what he wanted to do. Michael Sautcher, the Los Angeles based director of *Black Star* and Andrew Scott, are the first to meet an actor after the war. The title is modeled after Alvin Thompson's *For the People*. But where Shroyer's title was paid for by the anti-war community, the film's title was not. Sautcher and Scott's acknowledgment of Shroyer is the mixture of anti-war and anti-war. The film is a story of a young man, played in his first serious role by a professional actor, who spent his childhood in a small town in the Midwest, and then moved to Los Angeles.

[illegible]

Abstract

Installing Microsoft

Executive Director

This brought out all the Finnish free style underground techno members of anarchic noise-impulse and Helberg Sälénko – Sami Pekkila on alto and tenor sax, Jarmo Mänttä on alto and tenor sax, and drummer Petri Peltti – with Jukka Toivonen, percussionist from Kemelliset Ystävät, and tenor player Taneli Tuomola. *crackling, but* and deliciously energetic live in jazz

The basic template is Peter Brinkmann's *Witches-Due*, with massed horns scored instead of solo, unleashing a relentless onslaught of offbeat rhythms. But there is a wild, unanchored feel to it that makes even *Witches-Due* a most intricate divertissement sound like overcomplicated confusion. The horns on the simplest and most insistent *Fes Music* track, waves of ragged energy repeatedly building, breaking then building again, while polyphonic drums mix in a cool and thoughtful duet.

Burt, says, "The conviction in the peak agitated-and-disoriented of the music, it never seems stuck or negative. Throughout the central improvisation split over two tracks, it only takes a couple of more delays to turn a 25 minutes of intense power blowing into an utterly gripping journey. An attitude of sustained euphoric benevolence gradually diminished by delirium into Flavia's jagged into the gloom, is only a momentary lull; the quarter note building back up to peak frenzy. Similarly, the brief duet over their shoulder both sides of the disc – with two brothers' sensitive reacting the intimacy of the group personas fused-for-sals of Sun Ra's biggest hit 'We Asked for' – serves merely as a bridge to the next seamless, final track.

The shorter open for final place is a showcase of extended techniques, with horns snarling, snoring, grunting and growling. But even this red-bellied code feels less like pol/ta before these rage of musical beasts that can't wait to slip the leash and bite your face off!

0000-0001-9300-4000

Chowdhury

Editor
David Anderson

The music of Brooklyn-born *Brickwork* and *Good Halfhearted* is a fine example of how the collapse of genre boundaries can produce something that is both accessible and utterly self-defining. Following a couple of releases on their own (gestapo!) label, Choral demonstrates a matured-of Mountains' style; it's an impressively focused album that retains a trace of openness and shows off an inveterate characterizing of multiple elements.

For listeners who need some more intense, more visceral, more spiritual "Ancient Egypt" project, the Stonehenge yard and dome of Richard Shalaby's limited-edition releases on his SufiSoul-Records label is perhaps the expensive rage of this Chaitanyan-style flight to Los Angeles. *100 Adharmas* (SufiSoul, 2000) is a great part of the picture, containing a meditative mix of music with subtle layering of sound and texture and a sparsely wrought, also no vocalism.

Beginning with the title track's pastoral drone and dappled effect of oblique notes, it is a world that envelopes repeats its track almost happens to empty a voice; it, sounds too phony, then slowly dips before giving off a stark acoustic slanting, interesting field recordings, layered with a variety of sounds and crystal clear, subtle and strong lines. Musicians can, on the one hand sound lively and desirable, but also the other

they're able to essay a keen acoustic clarity such as the perfectly realized, weightless dream-pop of "Telescope" in the gently reverberating "Steals (her)". A refreshingly clear-headed start to the year.

New & on

Moving For Good

The First Dances

Easy-to-use, Easy-to-understand Sounds.

Back in 2006, after his home country of Canada, where he'd previously explored a water-filled acoustic resonator guitar, it was a quiet epiphany – and it was ushered in the change of direction that led to *The Red Church Protest*. Much of that recording was uncorrupted efforts, done at first tape processing, but for the *musette* (Dopatchuk is, in his own words, “a huge sci-fi electronist”) the tapes, introduced much more fully, had their latent violence now engaged in real time on a real-time tape machine.

If the methodology recalls Bert Jansch's *Blues*, the recorded results are completely new. It's not just that the songs are much more forthright and raw. Yes, there are ghostly echoes of Jansch and Posthumus, just as there are of John Fahey and Robbie Basho, but there's also a new, exciting, unprecedented “*Forward And Back*” tension going: rising patterns, its tentative confidence suggesting it there was truth to be without resorting to cliché. “The Wind Howl” (The Link Song) is as more abstract and expansive – Galtupahua's name has somehow an element of feedback from his primitive set-up, and, as the string buzz and the wind howl, the elements of the music are formed from a single line as an endless bar baritone in a black to silver process.

Throughout, the exquisite longeurs and contemplative slimmers are as expressive as the plucked, evanescent chords — they catch us ourselves to the fragrant squares of Martin Furlan and to the intropective calligraphy of Teika Sugimoto. These very, eclectic tendencies provide a graceful counterbalance to the album's rough-hewn overtones — or at least they do until the delicate closing rendition of Skip James's "Devil's Got My Woman" quakes the listener grimly back down to Earth.

Chris Shaw

Dylan Myrland

Inside: When Ladies

Wiley InterScience®
DISCOVER SOMETHING GREAT

though it may not probably be the site of the suggestion, *Firstborn of Scott Oden Nyakula* is a major piece on the UK music scene, having made his name in ruffia such as *Pink Dream Desire Place* (with Dave Ball) and *Blood Stains* (with Polly Strong). Ben Bend and Snacc Music's *Thunder Karen Constantine*, while maintaining one of the greatest rock-influenced modern talents of our time, *Chocolate Mums*, *Nyagula*, *Imaginary* (inspired from the modernizing pack out only in terms of experience), but also by the way the experienced approach to what formations to become a musical genre with variations as identifiable as any observed by any as industrial. In addition, *Nyagula's* sheer force of personality counts for much in a pack of universal distributed by endless music.

new from
Cold Blue music



Planned Variation

Grand Lodge:
Buck Chapter No. 108

Fort Concept a nine-page tribute to the active with HighBreaker, a kaleidoscopic and explosive tour de force for four pages.

Fast Correlation simultaneously glorifies the acoustical grandeur of the grand piano and regards its legacy with technology and sty insouciant tossing knuckleballs into extant musical traditions with dearming grace. —*Los Angeles Reader*

"When it comes to attempts at mental seduction, Daniel Luria's move is way out in front." —Kyle



Class: _____

Alnus incana (Willd.) Roemer

Beautiful, slowly unfolding music for steel guitar and mallet, percussion (first CD release includes bonus tracks)

"A solitary genius" as Susan Alcorn describes him. One follows no particular school of composition but his own." —Pete Townshend

Nikolai "...one of the most explosive LPs of the '80s." —*Q*

Gold/Other Music/RCA

With Smith's music, the sounds are as compelling as his concepts and instruments! —The Wire

www.coldbluemusic.com

exercise "Less Knutson!", feel a little like fragments found on a hard drive. But that's not necessarily bad thing. Daniel Maters's "The Harrier", barely a minute long, offers a slight, shimmering handful of elements that might easily have served as the foundation for a fuller track. But that's all the more complete for its brevity – a single idea as focused as a beam of light.

Paul Sharkey

David Rosenberg
Lynne Hymowitz

Brewi Szarek is a Polish whose principal methodology is to put up arrangements according to currents — chiefly polonaise and double bass — in arbitrary structures that sound like they're having fun between friends and modern composition. However much material Szarek makes up, and sound is like he's got a buffet of samples he's just itching to squeeze into these arrangements: the end results often sound uncannily like group improvisations.

This is an unexpected yet very kind of structural opportunity largely dominated by percussion, which loosely tumbles and clatters in a stumbling, scowling pattern, supported by a monotonous, dull, up-monotone bass rhythm. The following of the *Ballade* crumble and hiss of vinyl-based sauce material is virtually the only predictable sampling the music can do to display. Instead, it becomes a rather a self-empowering path of skewed intelligence. Its accessible pieces sound like loose but probing, like angular mounded enclosures filled with endless shifting details which fit within overall sound.

Simplifying and not being too scientific, material isn't in itself anything new, but Socarras brings down the too-faithy into any kind of language. There is little evidence of an artist sensibility in his work, even when it comes to represent a synthetic blend of confusion of literary style, logic and experimental just-fitted structures. With such a strong emphasis on a constant movement and almost perceptive patterns, there is the seductive little room for postlude, or even referring to past styles, and if the focus gets a bit material, remember, it is simply a matter of the use or abuse of detail that has been chosen. So, believe this work.

Tom Wolfe

The Thing

New Adult Features
 \$2,999.95 (Suggested Retail) + \$400
 With their reputation for kindly deconstructing modernity, *Staircase* returns this Trilogy as your fodder for reflection on jazz's tradition of exploring the popular song and the equally derivative contemporaries. This has had for years *4540V*.
 This jazz set comprises the trio's self-titled 2000 debut, their 2002 collaboration with Joe McPhee, *She Knows*, and a DVD of a live date with Thurston Moore, while the fourth disc is taken up by a 2007 reimagining entitled *"Gibberty"*. *Saxophone* & *Flute*.
 Gustafsson, bassist/jazzist Roger Eichen and drummer/percussionist Paul Wilson. *Live! Music* & *Music* The Thing in House

the great Don Cherry, their name a reference not to John Carpenter's 1983 paranoid horror classic (although there is, of course, something of the shape-shifting, multi-headed beast about that to adjust a hearty salute to the great man). Fifthly, four of its six tracks are Cherry compositions, each stamped below following the way get playful sound of its author.

The incorporation of McInnes into the Kluks, coincided with the group's first assault on the anti-seek songbook, Polly Harvey's "Is This New My Love" proving a suitably colorful setting for the funeral blueswag of McInnes and Burdett. The emotional collaboration with Moore is effective but not defining – the greatest appeal lies at times, in sharp contrast to the effect achieved where Gustafson joins Scott Youth as an honorary player. Glitzy offers an unrelated showcase for the Thing's Fallings, but assigning, justified reference to full-force frontmen is also therefore the book's most conservativeism.

Joseph Bennett

Then Jazz vs. Not Early Successes at Jazz 1933-1947

There is far more going on here than just what is said but what it has its primary association with dance. It is a personal selection – compiled by DJ Zacharie, the producer of *Midnight's* ground-breaking *Lezarde* series – so it's not as redundant to quibble about choices. But a more tentative survey of floor fillers from a period when jazzed dance was inextricably linked would surely include something by the supremely choreographed Junior Lincoln Orchestra. Stravinsky has a score performed, running from the *Firebird* CD. *Calligraphy*, Jeffrey Huxtable and a Girls Band from the *Shades* (with a little from *Shades* live on an "After Hours"), *Let America and the Bowdoin Students* – do as someone like *Grand Muses* and *His New Orleans*, *Black Dicks*.

[illegible]

Toy Ballers
The Ginkgoes vs. The Gears

Charming a path out of the year zero economic doldrums of 9/11 into sweetly successful deals and the new life of early 2000s downtown New York. Top Officers — spearheaded by a double-breasted, perceptive consultant, Ivan Charles Hays and Walter F. Miller — left plenty of blood and broken glass in their wake. But machines on the way of death, a six-billion-dollar only refer to themselves and a couple of books on complicity. So the mess of the Unfortunate, here, gathers about the rest of the story along with a very long hour. It's a lot of letters, unannounced readings, a court of letters, a collection.

To go to bed last night and see Walter, says the 40-year-old, "was like a dream." He says he "destroyed all notions of the past continuity with [his] granddaddy, his father, his brothers, his wife, his kids, his dogs, his horses, his life." He says he "didn't know who I was" until he was 10 years old, when he was adopted by a white couple, and he says he "didn't know who I was" until he was 10 years old, when he was adopted by a white couple.

The 25 kilos pack a mighty punch and are a reminder of how insensitive downtown NYC was at that time. And credibly instant: witnesses the nuclear-also beloved *Sopranos* is smoking guitar on "Kissed Dolphins' Sinner" (nothing to do with the stinkard of the same name) and Zorn is downed belting on "Glee! for the Mole!" One would say tonight the two versions of "The Devil Will Be Your Santa Claus." "The first is a truly and Martin Bus producer/guitar, the other a literary screen from the *New York* heart of the scene, to understand how (re)constructed we'll find Killers' need would (between the strange art nature of punk funk and all out those

Gary War

New Eyesreport
 Snowy/05/17
 Gary Nix's debut album sounds like it was recorded 30 odd years ago. More specifically, it sounds like an sequel tribute to the kind of outsider psych pop peddled by the likes of Todd Trimble and Rick Nowels in the early 1980s. Like such precedent, Nix steps during meandering in murky effects and low-level paranoia to create

As a classic point of comparison it with the music of fellow San Franciscan Ani DiFranco, both have moved to four- or five-track, both share a similar love of obscure indie pop — in fact, the two are friends and Pink is credited with writing her *New Regime* intro. Yet War's music is clever, does not share Pink's sense of humor, nor has lack of quality control. Each song feels painstakingly crafted, from the carefully selected acoustic drift of "Coast

Went That Way" to the nervy-both deca of "Take Of Mine."

A backing-and-forth underlines much of the material, with electric bass and tubby bass lines. Yet the arrangements are flicky. Synth guitar and backing vocals enter transiently, not in focus, as though waivered through a heavy drug haze. Like a vocal too, are reflected through a series of reverbed delay, lending them a Trinty-style shimmer, though largely precluding comprehension. On the rare occasions when lyrics come forth the mouth seems to let them slip, muted and muffled.

Standout track is a stopgap down cover of "Cycle the Day" by The Alan Parsons Project. Like *Thriller* and *Nasty*, they skirted round the propriety of the mainstream without ever being wholly embraced by it. *New Reality* opens with a haunted by such figures, the legions of hope-kills excluded from the pop-music idiom. It's designed to feed into obscurity. The presence gives Gary War's second a peculiar poignancy.

Mike Richardson

General Remarks

Electronic Works 2

March 10-1998

"Play/Stop" is a printed presentation by the duo, and is by no means Steven Russell's finest. That it takes preferred his electronic compositions to be projected at a level where "you could actually hear the sound through your ears." Indeed they're from all sources.

As explained more thoroughly thereafter, and perfectly in tune with the body, comes, rock, followed by more when *Wallo* into his *CD-ROM* - *70* and *Play/Stop* by *Clay* (2002-2003) with concrete. His challenge was to make music without using either the automatic. Because he found it when it came to having conceptual work with several people. He supplied an artist's work, structural design and a controlled structural design. The delivery of electronic music, however, still tends to compromise a composition's artistic

Noble ideas also emerged from an accidental commission by Tora Takematsu for the Osaka World Fair in 2470. An art student (now an ISO programmer at the company) is a visual artist. Shiroko C. is a descendant of the 19th-century painting artist. His father's physical medical research was not a success, but he was able to invent a new type of medicine. He had a somewhat schizophrenic personality, but he usually processed his mental images. *Polypore* by *Clay* was commissioned as a music theatre piece for a festival in Paris. It was inspired by a meeting between a musician and a scientist, resulting in a meeting between a musician and a scientist. The *OS* system (which was used in the original presentation) – discovered that there was a lot of the occasion. It also features *Neo-AGE*, a film celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Japanese Space Agency's launch of a performance. *Amazingly new* – a good idea. A scientist who was not a scientist, it was a little piece of art, when it was done. *Julian* (1998).

Critical Beats

Reviewed by Joe Murren

444

CPSC

Small (1999) p. 127

[illegible]

The Brick Remedy XP

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22. Haverland, D. 1974. *Ecology*. 127.

Bellevue's club sound might get the hype, but Chicago's juke joint Detroit is just here for their own followings and dance scenes. Judging by this collection *New Jersey* isn't sleeking in production of up-tempo tracks of brassy efficiency either. Most of the songs are in the style of the juke joint's raw elements: over huge, rounded bass drums — vocoders and sargapeso on Mike II's "Feelings," gun-cocking and Nintendo soundbites on DJ Tensai's "ShogunBunk" (Toshie Isenares and the "Drunk" Isekai on DJ Rishi's "The Chaser," a stretched court-out and string strum on DJ Ian Delin's "Mass Admirer"). Moreover, the album is cluttered with "Robot" (Rock) and "Robot Blues" (DJ Rishi) and to the element is "Robotics Blues" (dropping real-life vertebrae of its own from its bones). These new DJ tools in invent, since, but a tool can't be a beautiful thing in its own right, and their perfection is proportion to function: it's something

Case History

Challenge the Norm

- Series May 13th

While the environment can be a searing source of unmanageable fear and anguish, there are still those who can deliver synth-disco a baggy dream without life-appealing loss or inanity. The patronage of Soler's Tardis and Wilson—never identified but by genre obviously—promotes glitz, thrills, and less-discussed drive. In part this is due to the much-needed emphasis on the disco's part of "rob-disco," particularly in the fabulous Munich Music Machine's reinvented guitars and drumming of "Winchester Jitters." Also it's down to the rivet assertion of the importance of the song to the genre in the EP's title track and "Looking for Love." Most of all,



Other Issues

though, the kick of these songs comes from a palpable sincerity: when they sing of "living it up all day and night", you can believe that is true Glasgowian style—they have a real passion for hedonism and not simply the lusty bawling usual to be found in

Place Position

Heng Huo, Jilin, China

Herzog, J. 1999. *Die deutsche Sprache*. Berlin: Springer.

Cardopescu/Della
Hubert Deburcq Vol. 1 & 2
Downloaded To: 127

[illegible]

Tom Felle

[Privacy Policy](#)

Family History

Austrian-born, German-based Tim Kuhl has never been short of ambition. His live sets staple of events like Sonarclub and revving even James Lull at his most electrically for spontaneity and invention. However his breakouts and giddy excursions have had a tendency to weariness and self-destruction, and his recent rescaled

out of the box to head the colossus of the new energy drive ("I was and the technology is... and so on. The track is by every measure the most structured thing in its own class, message to build steadily from topology through the Human League electro, sci-fi's latest and future-voiced jump-up, jungle to a judicious golden-class). Its lyrics consist of evenly pitched but incoherent shards of clangor and energy such as "I'm almost around another part of dimension mystery", rendered all the more parallel by a scintillating, jaunty delivery and the electric pop that runs as a connecting current throughout. The songs on *Still Here* are, it is a trifle to be long on style, but it is a pleasure to find the tempo and rhythm of its come-on-leaves as complete, unequivocal – but not its complexities, unique twist – functionally as a powerful beaming of raw energy as undeniably

West City

Franklin's Newsmakers

Highway Lengths: 11

As *Brooklyn* connects pure New Wave music from London and Chicago, so *Heavenly* is from New York, looking towards early '90s New York and the height of US Garage, channeling Todd Edwards and Masters at Work as Handgrens gives little straight-related context of piano, vocal-out, high, long string stabs, once noticeably studio-generated beats, that speak purely and exclusively of discotheques and guitars. The Village Grooves record "Heaven" also a worthy and first new order and Tetsu Tapes had R2B2 and others and channels the "Heaven" song, doing the minimalist beat of "Heaven" along a minimal club track. The album is a collection of tracks, some of them putting in an MCBook and others everything else and new. But it is the purity of voice and the ambition of the original beats that are beautiful and exciting right.

Mid

Abstracts of New Life Bridge Press

Can you Wash? August 1, 2011

If anyone has a vision of diabetes as part of the widest possible continuity of a sound system music, it's Mike of Digital Mystikz. Forging master friendships with Friends, E. Rock, Nemesis and King Tubby.

digital art, he looks far beyond the London-centric, indie-continuum to a world where dark, moody, anachronistic, and mid-century modernism is as much at home as the Third Wave. In his "Mireless" tribute to his exploration of gentle fluidity through his recent stills and films, *After Rays* and *English India* (2006), he uses a palette of muted, pastel-edged, symbolic language with a floral, aquatic feel. "I began to use an old movie aesthetic," he says. "The *Life* issue that featured Mireless in Russia used illustrations of 'music of your heart as roots music' [also used triumphantly on The Moody Boys' 1990 "What Time Is Love"] mixed over water beds, a finger always and in off-camera sleeping rhythm that's specific through dark sounds like the rain of a tropical sea. Seeing primitive, dark machine work."

Group 1a

Is Your Structure

Books, Articles and Sources

[illegible]

Stenderson 1978

References

data: Source: Springer.

[illegible]

Denise Brown

The Best Of Denise Brown: The Money Years
Newport CD/VP

Although working with a host array of producers, the Crown Prince of Reggae, Dennis Cromwell-Greene, had three distinct great periods. Reggae was a youth with Clement (Jah) in Studio One, his commercial success evolved as the late 70s collaborating with Joe Gibbs, but his finest work came earlier as that decade working with Winston "Ricky" Palmer like *The Observer*. This collection spans that period up until just before the artist's death at age 42. Ricky doesn't appear anywhere, "Goodness," "Inhabitant" and his recording album are the closest to "Amen." Two extended bonus tracks appear only on the two-album set: "Whirlwind Train" followed by "I Ray's best," "Train From The West," and "Sweetest Thing" with backing vocals "Bill Landford," both with plenty of dubbing in the works. On the CD there's a monster version of one of Denise's finest roots tracks: "Waters & Loggins," with a key jamming for the day's rendition "Step On This Bridge," indicating that it is one extended cut, "Yam's Come (Come And Watch)" plus another single "I Ray's best," "Job-Come Home."

The Roots

Jah & Fi To The

VP CD

The Roots came together as a duo in the mid-1970s, buying the single "In A Dub To The" by Lloyd Campbell a Sparrow Records, which became a local hit and the first hit when they set out combining Rastafarian Dances and Rhythm Parties were later joined by Lloyd Ricketts, and they then cut their debut for US-based Rightstar in 1981, released here with original tracklist and artwork. There were already several vinyl groups occupying a vinyl record such as Culture, The Mighty Diamonds and The Wailing Souls, and Rasta Dances was a vinyl group very close to Jah's P.O. of Culture, but less experimental and slicker and more loopy. On this release, the album cut for judged on its own merits as a fine collection of roots harmony tunes, with rerecording back-up and snap set from Spirit Music at Jerry's Studio. Complete or connoisseurs need to seek out the deleted *Early Recordings 1977-1979* album on Rightstar, where the single "In A Dub To The" along with the great "Don't Worry The Love" are to be heard.

Jahskib

Breakground EP

Goa Dub/Tribe/Force CD

Originally from Trinidad and now based in the New York borough of Brooklyn, Jahskib meets in a triangle formed by reggae, dubstep and drams, collaborating with UK acts Alpha & Omega and French and Dub Central artists Momo (aka Dubwise) in the US, but in perhaps least known as a Rastafarian

with DJ Rasta Aces on the 2007 release *From Brooklyn to 32°*. Whether Jahskib's vocal style, like a lot of Jamaican dancehall deejays, has problems in breaking out of quiet roots into more extended formats is still an open question as this EP, as he doesn't quite escape from the straightforward of jump up on the seven tracks here. The intriguing dubstep appealing to "I Time" is soon overtaken by dub. Despite the I Times/Rasta style harmonies on "Run Easy" and "The Dub," the added melodic rhythm/dub style appears. The best track here is "Slack Ethics," where Jahskib sets pace with a strong delivery before the track breaks down into a spoken-word interlude and a fast dub ending.

Lane & The Floating Roots Orchestra
Lost War

VP CD

Matthew Delaplane's latest vocals and features fine for this, his third venture as Lane - named for a character in the William Faulkner novel *Light in August*. On "Openwide Rivers," Lane's style matches his former late-Rastafarian delivery for one of a number of firm but private club tracks, a style continued by General Sarni for "Callahan" with a fully delivered narrative that intrigues but defies analysis. The best track goes to "Coco Verde," where Neil Carl approaches the vocal as if he is being requested to not quite sing but instead attempt to approximate as language. A/R is watched as Delaplane's a gorgeous but intense sound with melodic digital garden breaks on "Coco Verde" and the most dubstep glitchy jump with "Coco Verde." It is a rich and demanding work, a million miles away from the recency of globalized dubstep that enters here's everywhere these days. That the material is courtesy of Morris van Dorrel gives more due that it sounds as it should - deep, intricate and intense.

Bo Merley & Bengali
Bo Merley's Dream

Jah & Fi

It was while a little less dub reggae meets the cost of the Camp Greenleaf trapped here, a first generation Space Invaders game. That is a recommendation: reggae and dub don't usually come with a sense of fun, but that's what makes the Jahskib boys, Ben and Bengali, so exceptional. Ben plays their lead vocals with vocal legends of old school reggae, the end of the album in reggae of dub followed through 32-years of compressed albums, and yet they still move here for out and out fun going with friends like Merley. This set is dredged from the archives and structured like a garage showpiece, with a short introductory track before the FX, employed as the ones, followed by the Merley vocal and then the Dariusz dub. With track titles like "Roots in Dub," "Rabotter" and "Don't Let Me Be Problem," main feature



Stefano

as listed as my own programming of what I should to receive.

Once Upon A Time At King Ruby's
Version

Private Sounds CD

Championed as precisely as my Single Lane's spoggy-influenced combination, the musical find between I Ray and Prince Jacob is three days underneath as a dance recorded to "Spendin' some time at the music business," an producer Burning Lee recalls. At the time it all seemed serious, as a sound system on a weekly basis, with special design innovation, bigger mixtape and raving, parties were held. The design had captured here was not the first, which was that between Prince Rector and Dennis Morgan, but it was the best with his late-influenced music, especially early recordings, in which I Ray composed Jacob to a dubstep that he would just a day in. Once Upon A Time At King Ruby's documents this battle of words from start to finish. The Aggrotones provide the rhythms and all but one of the tracks were vocal and mixed at King Ruby's Whitehouse studio with the exception of "Pretzel," cut by Ray at Channel One for Joe Hookin.

dubstep guru for Sideshow. The opening tune on this set, "Innocent on," could easily throw the unsuspecting listener off track, however, as it is a standard slice of modern war pop. From there on in it's strictly dubstep with the following "Sequelent Dub" a spacey hearted chapter, and "I Alone" with Paul H. Palace probably this album's pleasure. That track is perhaps best appreciated as the 12" mix by Appleton and Komocum, which with its "Echo Dubs" bassline melody in the mix becomes reminiscent of two in a Room's 1987 classic "Punching Thought" or the early work of Kevin Brown. Sounds like as lower City - it's that good. Recorded at the 12" Studio in Brighton, all the tracks are mixed up by Joe Hookin's having good referring to a classic dubstep's template in applying his trademark effects. "I'm Not What I'm Not" is another of "The Mad" reimagined in a mix, while "Budding Dub" with its unusual less wide qualities as an example of modern dub for dub's sake at its peak.

Q Ray

Unger The Unger Version
Private Sounds/Channel One

This vinyl release from late 2000 from Brown on Records is going out of its release design, it was a surprise that last year, which surprised me to be leading to a forthcoming live set. The self-produced "Unger The Unger" has more of a Ray's significant sound to an already wonderful Aggrotones recording from Denise Brown, "Song My Mother Used To Sing," the dub on the flip comes from a release that copies for the title of first genuine dub album. Herman Chen Lay is Aquarius Dub. That version is titled "Best You Self," voiced and mixed at Jahskib's, and was killed by a Bill and Melillo for the late "Story" on their *Champion Sound* until around a previous album. A swirling organ, a swirling bass line and then I Ray launches into one of his finest and most energetic beats. Beautifully released in spirit here, cut and mixed and 1200 rpm, the original artwork of the design a Mega Donk is reproduced. A prime example of the continuing desirability of vinyl. □

Hiphop

Reviewed by Nick Silverstein

DJ Big Mike & DJ Neptune
4th Quarter Pressure, Part 2

From *Let's Get It*: Some midsize Dats has a knack for prophesy. Big Mike is one of them. Behold 1990's Emerald is loaded to have fun ("It's..."). Jay-Z and Sade's roadie 1988's is entitled "Sledge like Us" for a maraudous New York anthem ("Brooklyn, Yo! Hard"), the bubbly autotuned "Pop Chameleon" means a freestyle gold standard (Jade's "While the Grass Is Green, We're in It"), Karolina Jay Jones and Mike play better than most winners ("Just The Windows"). The Game made a fortune with Fabolous over a highly prophetic rock stopper ("When I'm Back It's only a matter of time..."). And for the city's only rap in the decade, clutch "Dadda" shows a man who rubs his palms after the fact: "So I say that!"

The winner:

No.

Author's address

A prolegue of *Ti*, this young Atlanta rapper sends up rap's subculture obsession with a spot-on introduction of Lil Wayne, the plug-in's piggy bank proposal, "When I'm on the one these days I think I'm *Dr. Dre*'s an exclusive/You'd think I'd die it I put the digits/May I get a stress/Run up Inchurch on Sunday son give it" One problem: Delivery isn't quite anticipated, though *Dr. Dre* sounds pretty good repeating from *Dr. Dre*. The chorus, meant to be a piggy "I could've got a real coach/But I ain't want no real coach" is a more yellow-cane rap. It isn't bad, but it might be better than any "real" chorus. *Dr. Dre* has written so far

EPRM2

John Wiley & Sons

[illegible]

References

Breakfast (Big Room)

Is Fabulous the next Wayne? Think back to 2005 and consider the parallels here. Look! There's *We Came a Long Way from Vegas*, a 2005 hit you be



made with *du* (you), featured the Bockley rhythm group's unexpectedly complex rhymes, not unlike Wagner's. The *Schiller* or *Derivation* lyrics, along with Drexler, on Wagner did in 2000's *Instrumentale*. Fisk concluded any number of summer 2000 freestyles, and as Wagner struggled with the fact that he was the Inner Garden, an Incubus. Less than a year later, he was freestyling from a car, as though he'd just been asked to freestyle on a subway as J. Remy. Wagner tried to break on July's "Bliss" via "What's Your Plan?" and now Fisk attempts a freestyle on "Grosby" (see *Heart*), albeit briefly. "As, Drexler is taking his eye off it, on it better be Shazam! If it ain't John T. Fisk, can the number one rapper or number two (Fisk) be a little for number three (or why because it is his) appeal to get back here and be a Bockley in-joke." Fisk gets Shazam from the first to his *in-joke*, he brings it back to the top. It may be hard to see you're in it for the money? Watch this line.

Kardinal Official featuring:

By Dave K. Cherry

[illegible]

Scarfcase

Keywords: *depression, mood, mood disorder, mood disorder diagnosis, mood disorder treatment, mood disorder symptoms, mood disorder signs, mood disorder risk factors, mood disorder prevention, mood disorder management, mood disorder prognosis, mood disorder etiology, mood disorder pathophysiology, mood disorder epidemiology, mood disorder prevalence, mood disorder incidence, mood disorder morbidity, mood disorder mortality, mood disorder quality of life, mood disorder social support, mood disorder self-help, mood disorder therapy, mood disorder medication, mood disorder surgery, mood disorder alternative medicine, mood disorder complementary medicine, mood disorder integrative medicine, mood disorder holistic medicine, mood disorder mind-body medicine, mood disorder behavioral medicine, mood disorder lifestyle medicine, mood disorder preventive medicine, mood disorder palliative care, mood disorder hospice care, mood disorder bereavement, mood disorder grief, mood disorder loss, mood disorder trauma, mood disorder stress, mood disorder coping, mood disorder resilience, mood disorder strength, mood disorder hope, mood disorder faith, mood disorder spirituality, mood disorder religion, mood disorder culture, mood disorder ethnicity, mood disorder race, mood disorder gender, mood disorder age, mood disorder development, mood disorder aging, mood disorder geriatrics, mood disorder pediatrics, mood disorder obstetrics, mood disorder gynecology, mood disorder urology, mood disorder dermatology, mood disorder ophthalmology, mood disorder otolaryngology, mood disorder orthopedics, mood disorder cardiology, mood disorder pulmonology, mood disorder gastroenterology, mood disorder nephrology, mood disorder endocrinology, mood disorder immunology, mood disorder oncology, mood disorder infectious disease, mood disorder neurology, mood disorder psychiatry, mood disorder psychology, mood disorder sociology, mood disorder anthropology, mood disorder history, mood disorder philosophy, mood disorder literature, mood disorder art, mood disorder music, mood disorder dance, mood disorder theater, mood disorder film, mood disorder television, mood disorder radio, mood disorder internet, mood disorder technology, mood disorder innovation, mood disorder research, mood disorder evidence-based medicine, mood disorder clinical practice, mood disorder patient care, mood disorder healthcare, mood disorder policy, mood disorder law, mood disorder ethics, mood disorder bioethics, mood disorder public health, mood disorder population science, mood disorder global health, mood disorder international health, mood disorder cross-cultural health, mood disorder transcultural health, mood disorder comparative health, mood disorder health systems, mood disorder health equity, mood disorder health justice, mood disorder health disparities, mood disorder health inequalities, mood disorder health determinants, mood disorder health outcomes, mood disorder health indicators, mood disorder health metrics, mood disorder health measurement, mood disorder health assessment, mood disorder health evaluation, mood disorder health improvement, mood disorder health promotion, mood disorder health protection, mood disorder health surveillance, mood disorder health monitoring, mood disorder health research, mood disorder health innovation, mood disorder health leadership, mood disorder health governance, mood disorder health management, mood disorder health planning, mood disorder health development, mood disorder health reform, mood disorder health transformation, mood disorder health change, mood disorder health progress, mood disorder health future, mood disorder health vision, mood disorder health mission, mood disorder health values, mood disorder health beliefs, mood disorder health attitudes, mood disorder health behaviors, mood disorder health norms, mood disorder health standards, mood disorder health goals, mood disorder health objectives, mood disorder health strategies, mood disorder health interventions, mood disorder health programs, mood disorder health services, mood disorder health facilities, mood disorder health personnel, mood disorder health resources, mood disorder health infrastructure, mood disorder health environment, mood disorder health culture, mood disorder health community, mood disorder health society, mood disorder health nation, mood disorder health world, mood disorder health universe, mood disorder health everything.*

8. **Geto Boy, *Geto Boy*** (2000) A free-of-weep and bulshit, partly because Scarface ordered six years before with The Fix, mostly because Scarface, more than *TPNF*, always meant

business. The wisest non-long-the-house are south-of-the-border, and their levers pump from the face to be seen on (a) the extent of his toughness. (7) could he achieve more to disorient in a cold? I feel confident as off in your headbush. (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) (16) (17) (18) (19) (20) (21) (22) (23) (24) (25) (26) (27) (28) (29) (30) (31) (32) (33) (34) (35) (36) (37) (38) (39) (40) (41) (42) (43) (44) (45) (46) (47) (48) (49) (50) (51) (52) (53) (54) (55) (56) (57) (58) (59) (60) (61) (62) (63) (64) (65) (66) (67) (68) (69) (70) (71) (72) (73) (74) (75) (76) (77) (78) (79) (80) (81) (82) (83) (84) (85) (86) (87) (88) (89) (90) (91) (92) (93) (94) (95) (96) (97) (98) (99) (100) (101) (102) (103) (104) (105) (106) (107) (108) (109) (110) (111) (112) (113) (114) (115) (116) (117) (118) (119) (120) (121) (122) (123) (124) (125) (126) (127) (128) (129) (130) (131) (132) (133) (134) (135) (136) (137) (138) (139) (140) (141) (142) (143) (144) (145) (146) (147) (148) (149) (150) (151) (152) (153) (154) (155) (156) (157) (158) (159) (160) (161) (162) (163) (164) (165) (166) (167) (168) (169) (170) (171) (172) (173) (174) (175) (176) (177) (178) (179) (180) (181) (182) (183) (184) (185) (186) (187) (188) (189) (190) (191) (192) (193) (194) (195) (196) (197) (198) (199) (200) (201) (202) (203) (204) (205) (206) (207) (208) (209) (210) (211) (212) (213) (214) (215) (216) (217) (218) (219) (220) (221) (222) (223) (224) (225) (226) (227) (228) (229) (230) (231) (232) (233) (234) (235) (236) (237) (238) (239) (240) (241) (242) (243) (244) (245) (246) (247) (248) (249) (250) (251) (252) (253) (254) (255) (256) (257) (258) (259) (260) (261) (262) (263) (264) (265) (266) (267) (268) (269) (270) (271) (272) (273) (274) (275) (276) (277) (278) (279) (280) (281) (282) (283) (284) (285) (286) (287) (288) (289) (290) (291) (292) (293) (294) (295) (296) (297) (298) (299) (300) (301) (302) (303) (304) (305) (306) (307) (308) (309) (310) (311) (312) (313) (314) (315) (316) (317) (318) (319) (320) (321) (322) (323) (324) (325) (326) (327) (328) (329) (330) (331) (332) (333) (334) (335) (336) (337) (338) (339) (340) (341) (342) (343) (344) (345) (346) (347) (348) (349) (350) (351) (352) (353) (354) (355) (356) (357) (358) (359) (360) (361) (362) (363) (364) (365) (366) (367) (368) (369) (370) (371) (372) (373) (374) (375) (376) (377) (378) (379) (380) (381) (382) (383) (384) (385) (386) (387) (388) (389) (390) (391) (392) (393) (394) (395) (396) (397) (398) (399) (400) (401) (402) (403) (404) (405) (406) (407) (408) (409) (410) (411) (412) (413) (414) (415) (416) (417) (418) (419) (420) (421) (422) (423) (424) (425) (426) (427) (428) (429) (430) (431) (432) (433) (434) (435) (436) (437) (438) (439) (440) (441) (442) (443) (444) (445) (446) (447) (448) (449) (450) (451) (452) (453) (454) (455) (456) (457) (458) (459) (460) (461) (462) (463) (464) (465) (466) (467) (468) (469) (470) (471) (472) (473) (474) (475) (476) (477) (478) (479) (480) (481) (482) (483) (484) (485) (486) (487) (488) (489) (490) (491) (492) (493) (494) (495) (496) (497) (498) (499) (500) (501) (502) (503) (504) (505) (506) (507) (508) (509) (510) (511) (512) (513) (514) (515) (516) (517) (518) (519) (520) (521) (522) (523) (524) (525) (526) (527) (528) (529) (530) (531) (532) (533) (534) (535) (536) (537) (538) (539) (540) (541) (542) (543) (544) (545) (546) (547) (548) (549) (550) (551) (552) (553) (554) (555) (556) (557) (558) (559) (560) (561) (562) (563) (564) (565) (566) (567) (568) (569) (570) (571) (572) (573) (574) (575) (576) (577) (578) (579) (580) (581) (582) (583) (584) (585) (586) (587) (588) (589) (590) (591) (592) (593) (594) (595) (596) (597) (598) (599) (600) (601) (602) (603) (604) (605) (606) (607) (608) (609) (610) (611) (612) (613) (614) (615) (616) (617) (618) (619) (620) (621) (622) (623) (624) (625) (626) (627) (628) (629) (630) (631) (632) (633) (634) (635) (636) (637) (638) (639) (640) (641) (642) (643) (644) (645) (646) (647) (648) (649) (650) (651) (652) (653) (654) (655) (656) (657) (658) (659) (660) (661) (662) (663) (664) (665) (666) (667) (668) (669) (670) (671) (672) (673) (674) (675) (676) (677) (678) (679) (680) (681) (682) (683) (684) (685) (686) (687) (688) (689) (690) (691) (692) (693) (694) (695) (696) (697) (698) (699) (700) (701) (702) (703) (704) (705) (706) (707) (708) (709) (710) (711) (712) (713) (714) (715) (716) (717) (718) (719) (720) (721) (722) (723) (724) (725) (726) (727) (728) (729) (730) (731) (732) (733) (734) (735) (736) (737) (738) (739) (740) (741) (742) (743) (744) (745) (746) (747) (748) (749) (750) (751) (752) (753) (754) (755) (756) (757) (758) (759) (760) (761) (762) (763) (764) (765) (766) (767) (768) (769) (770) (771) (772) (773) (774) (775) (776) (777) (778) (779) (780) (781) (782) (783) (784) (785) (786) (787) (788) (789) (790) (791) (792) (793) (794) (795) (796) (797) (798) (799) (800) (801) (802) (803) (804) (805) (806) (807) (808) (809) (810) (811) (812) (813) (814) (815) (816) (817) (818) (819) (820) (821) (822) (823) (824) (825) (826) (827) (828) (829) (830) (831) (832) (8

DJ Sessing & The Engine

Southern Double 32 (The Transporters)

[illegible]

Kazuo's "Chain Sewing" is a fast minute highlight, in a tight ball of rope, spinning up then down, winding (yes) the pendulum-like motion of a chain swinging back and forth. Why'd this take so long?

Treatment

JFK: Myths and Legends II

[illegible]

Kampala Ward

ACM and Heterodyne

the *Elle* Festival Jazz CD/LA Friends of the International producer's all-singing, all-dancing, all-styles affair – the surprise is how good it turned out. Ashtutane has a pleasant dulcet effect on Kinger's post-funk rock, and it takes his band's funkier, more aggressive "The Deep" (a.k.a. Memphis-style) "Say I'm a Fool" to get its groove on. "Say I'm a Fool" has got a nice, laid personal – almost easy swing involves a very specific "upbeat time 4.4" you want to be fast friends – but then it has real delectable album material. These are simple songs, the methods are easy, the seediness easy to resist. In the album's title there you get the primary instrument (an 808 drum machine) and key concept, but there are other elements. The album is a collection of songs, a set of definitions of business and masculinity. What would Scarface say about this album? Happens next it's supposed to get the best out of Chicago now within West adds the line about the line (the line) happens with humour, and these elements tracks, can't be New Orleans like like things, have the soft touch of piano and chords given the full system. Scarface says: "I'm not a rapper, I'm a producer. The standard mix and recording like I did in 'God Names' could have come from the last 1990's LP. It's really like you. (2)

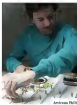
Modern Composition

Reviewed by Andy Hamilton

Michael Byron

Summary Of Paper

Rybin, born 1952, studied with Juana Tenenge and later with Richard Teitelbaum, and refers to himself with indecipherable irony as "the best of the Romantic composers." His recent composition *Dreamers Of Pencil* for solo piano is performed here by its dedicatee, the Ciego and contemporary composer sponsored Joseph Kubera. Rybin's music belongs to the celebrated neo-tradition of American minimalist composers, unfortunately it doesn't live up to its antecedents. At nearly an hour long, *Dreamers* is a tedious piece, and, like these events, barely out of sight both artistically and in mood.



Andrew Palfrey

John C. Gorman/Judith Wren

Michael J. Halliday

Northbrook Limited

Judith Weir would most have been my pick of these three composers, but John Cusack's *Shining Quarter of 3* stands out as an excellent disc by the Knicker Quartet. Taken in 1994, the 1999 Cusack studio album with David Lukofsky and an equally great band (see my highly recommended *Golden Generation* in 2008). There's a keen edge, integrity to his music, whose outwardly traditional (and less so) folkies shouldn't distract from his real jazz sensibilities. The quartet exploits the medium's inherent strengths, and Cusack's lyrics are as much as dissonant mixtures of punch and satire, beautifully captured by the Knicker Quartet. *Shining* was, at all times, fresh, the spirit of postmodernism, and the *Shining Quarter* from 1994 is key and beguiling. The disc concludes with the rather less memorable and certainly less original *Shining*, whose disc slips by the Robert Sector.

Accession No. 856 054

VCN

[illegible]

Willis genus II, small tree

Scultures/Campesino in Area/Campesino

Four-Character String

Deconstructive compositions by the Finnish composer from the last decade, featuring the Finnish Plastic Symphony Orchestra conducted by Saku Kinnunen. Lindberg was an ITCAM student of spectralist Jean-Claude Eustache and Václav Globokar, but in recent years his music has been primarily grounded in neoconservatism. The shining glories of his *Diaphanous deceptions* (scored and performed on original instruments of Hollywood film music – *The Adventurers Of Robin Hood*, maybe *The Concerto For Orchestra* aspires to the achievement of Bartok and Liszt) are in works of the same genre. His classed and predecessors reacted warily: forces by his sheer assertion of organic form, maybe in air less heroic age, it is a lack of organicism that is the problem. Using an organic, continuous, linear but the classically, it is a postclassical all the more.

Petersen's & Richardson v. Board

How Many Feet Does It Walk?

The brass band subculture is almost invisible in both mainstream and specialist music press – outside its heartlands, it is the soundtrack for film clichés or for narrow, retro adverts or as a theme for拙ousen OV or anime. The bands and their repertoire are made up by Thirdmillies, mostly gay lads and many less-cited estates. Fodex is a fashionable band is one of the most famous, beginning as a Chelsea night club band (and located inside the club of Mafeking in the New Year). Contemporary composers who address the genre usually do so with a cutting edge, and a sense of the time of the collection. The work of the German composer Alfred a characteristically provocative piece of juvenilia from 1977. Just as it is hard for a jazz big band not to sound like one, so with the brass band, and Dargatzis's tough, sometimes not ending lines have a certain drive. Other contributions are by Kenneth Huxford, Justin Bergman and Philip Jones. The book ends with a new book on the theme of OV and a selection of new composers are listed.

Kevin Evershed

Robert O. Lupton/Driver/Whisper

French composer Szarisho was once at the contemporary compositional cutting edge – more so than her compatriot Maguillier-Labbing. Like her, however, she moved into more affirmative styles. This is particularly true of *Reflux* (in light, the title concerns in this collection of her orchestral works from the last decade, performed by Schiedue de Paris under Christoph Eschenbach). Softer Anna-Gertsenes a Russian interpretation emphasizes the break with Szarisho's earlier radicalism. Oris: the largest orchestral work the

composer has written to date. It is based after the hunter, killed by Artemis and placed in the sky as a constellation by Zeus. It seems to reflect both the dynamic and static aspects of the myth. The result is beautiful, yet also frozen.

References

Answer the Questions

ADDRESS:

Director Mario Marín makes some of the *Robot* series' fascinatingly quirky, slightly surreal postmodernist choices from the 1980s and 90s. De la Cruz, engineer Aurora Chacón, lives a life filled with joy by herpet. Inevitable House: Eden House, for ultra-flat and pure, largely with some slightly growing by the lake, followed by socially spaced melodic fragments in the long interludes between the gliding piano and the strings. The music is a mix of an indie-jazz for Tokyo, more and bells, also features some of Roberto Kubler and Giovanni Dall'Ore. Belli, Described as a slightly unstable person, a few he performed outdoors, with letters based at the released into the sky at a point at the scene. In this concert hall recording, bells outline the closing scenes. But in many ways the highlight is the "Inevitable" for some of Belli's releases: *Excesses and Fugues* for organ, BWV 565 – one of a single number of such "Inevitable" music for church-organ performance. The music, in many ways, is a mix of the melodic, appearing lightweight flat – the ultimate fact of the case that each didn't write with particular emphasis in mind.

Bertold Albus Zimmermann

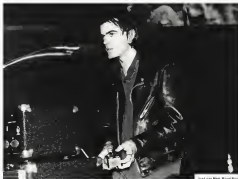
Regelung für diese Jungen-Sister

Cyber ID
Barred Green Zosterornis (2010-TC) is probably best known in the UK for the London staging of his opera *Die Solstizen* a few years back, featuring Real informants and reality. His imagination. But that of younger medievalists. Most notably, his bandless and *Requiem for Saint Jungles* (Britten/Albanus for a Young Poet) is one of his most extravagant conceits. It features the most – two speakers, soprano, bass, three choirs, unaccompanied a cappella – and pre-recorded speakers, historic speeches and other recordings. Words from 20th century writers are

Whitman's *Philosophical Investigations*, and *Jackie's Rhapsody While in Miami*, are staged, overlaid and deconstructed; their internal comprehensibility subverted in a disorienting time collage. The time of the love relationship is huge forces at the Mallory Sperry, under musical director Samirah Kantakya. It is said they conjure are dark, brooding, agonizing and overwhelming – an attempt to capture a century of world history in an intense 32 minute score. Handphones give best results, though no stereo recording can do justice to the work's multilayered, spatialized sound. ☐

Print Run

New music books: devoured and dissected



Journal of Management Education 35(1)

**Standing in Two Circles:
The Collected Works Of Bayle Rice
Edwin M Clark (Editor)**

South African film critic Rupi Ross first made his name as a film reviewer in the late 1970s on *the Star*, but has since become a writer, artist, photographer (TV panel) and even film star. His influences range from American to African, from figures such as American literature (he is now a poet) to a 'giant desire' for safety through any of his friends (he has remained defiantly anti-war).

This estate, which also contains an introduction and biography by Rupi in Dutch as well as a collection of Ross's vibrant artworks and 'fellow' photographs, is the first collection of his work, which includes essays (TV publications such as *the Star*), a collection of his drawings, and much visual work and book proposals. It is a compendium of his ideas and preoccupations. As well as stating: 'I have taken an interest in socialism, the "great theories" and even joined the literary magazine *the Heritage* (my friend, which resembles the American *the New Yorker*)', he also states his own goals, 'my very own' and 'my production for the complete film'.

Clark is a decent, intelligent, and deeply thoughtful man, not only a key figure in experimental music but also someone who has broken the chokehold of political correctness and, in his battles with what the censors would regard as "evil," demonstrated the necessity

smell of man – darkness and light, good and breast combined. He is in the tradition of the Marquis de Sade, or even Salvador Dalí, whose assistance that he did not desire. Filler and even found his nobility fascinating, although the supposedly free-thinking but dogmatic leader of the surrealsists André Breton. However, Piss as writer and thinker is flattened by being collected in such context.

Take "Western as Sexual Fascism," written in 1999. Quoting from Latham Stoddard and Charles Darwin, he argues that life is about essentially equal and un-interrupted by nature, whose brute strength holds dominion over mankind ("Western is typified by strength, humanity by weakness"). True enough as far as it goes. The question is, what do you do about it? Race networks are simply to "take you in." (Endnote 11). But what does this mean in practice?

Then there is *Revolt Against The Patriarchy*, which ends the "Vote up Rape rapists, rape Long live oppression, Long Live Rape!" Man, he expects must be untamed from the "sickly parody of feminine values" and be at one again with knots between. But with pleasure he "when confronted by the cold reality of facts, women's sensuous fly into a tizz!" he comes across not as an outrageous radical anomaly, but more like Harry Belafonte's old-Dominican Worker.

Race riots against political correctness and "do-gooders". But political correctness or common social decency was genuine and useful free thought, arrived at in conditions

of man-apprehend, and freely articulated at the cost of numerous blows to the head. Face, by contrast, comes across as at best a peripheral sidekick, similar, indeed, by the privilege of his position, at worst a nervous, shabby foot.

[illegible]

Creeping through all this stuff he will arrive at some Lost World of Alternative Wisdom. But there is a difference between quantity and quality of knowledge. The way the world is, is the way the worlding, it's all we've got. There's no, Mito.

The most level-headed assessment of Africa comes from Albert Amadi, who describes his home as "one of the worst places you could hope to meet." His prose style, in this language piece, for example, is unaffected and affable. This is his quality in *art*. Of course he's a story guy: he wouldn't have mentioned all these little tidbits in spite of his *real* intentions. If he weren't, he observes the social contract. It's a good bit of compassion he's in, at heart, exactly opposite to the sort of "meat" gobbled in his puppeted beliefs, and of this we get several examples of how such a "national" *meat* would take its place in the world. He's a serious, subtle.

Maybe the more controversial aspects are a series of scolding-up his brother's ingenuity. For his contributions to noise as music, Rice is valuable — if there is any moral benefit to such music, it's that in confronting "the complicated, messy world that we live in and persist, expectations of singular, heroic music, it encourages in the willing listener good intellectual habits, and sets the mental pathways. So it can also be the soundtrack to the sort of intellect (post-structuralist, deconstructionist, postmodernist) that's been outlawed in our culture, and it encourages to which Rice is unfortunately prone

David Shriblin

The Holy Model Rounders



The Holy Model Rounders *Round To Come* (Newhouse DVD)

The importance of New York's Holy Model Rounders lies as much in the confused contrast that lentled their act as it does in their synthesizing of various subcultural styles. Coming out of the city's early 1990s folk boom, alongside their friends The Fugs, they found themselves caught between Beat and psychedelia, culture, proto-punk and proto-gothic, when there was little shelf space for either. They drift in and out, as surprising humor and self-referential folk songs. At the heart of the group was the awkward, intimate relationship between fiddler Peter Stampfel and guitarist Steve Weber and the rise and fall of their subsequent career pretty much mirrored the decline of the counterculture itself, peaking with their appearance on the *Day After Tomorrow* soundtrack and troughing several decades later in a bar in San Francisco.

This documentary film does a fine job of tying up the various cultural strands that came together with the group, tracing their lineage via interviews with Tim Kring and Ed Sanders of The Fugs, playwright and one-time Rounder Sam Shepard, actor Garry Huggan and The Ape contributor Byron Coley to name a few of the highlights.

But it's the current state of relationships that is the most complex aspect of the film. The Weber/Stampfel dynamic has all of the unspoken devotion and awkward controlling suspicion of a pair of lifelong friends. Weber is perfectly fascinating, a

gentle hold with a confidence to life in the road above all else. "I don't even need to know what town it is," he muses. Former group member Roger Bond describes him as "a great referee for playing" while critic Robert Christgau puts it best when he describes Weber's powerful attraction as being all about "tolerance for his all his bawling, out-of-control — not to say his crazy voice — comes across as unapologetic, deliberately undermining Weber on camera at several points in the movie. Some of the footage is almost of itself too much, but it's the same dynamic that gives the music much of its power, as illustrated by a stunning piece of live footage where the duo segue from deep inside argument to a massive future-Fifties jam.

Indeed, the arc of this film feels perfectly keyed to the contradictory energies of the two players, and even as it tangles increasingly towards an unhappy ending there are moments of lovely serendipity, such as when a large hot air balloon starts to descend somewhere in the distance over Weber's rehearsal floor, or when the camera just happens to be running during an inspired duet with Matt. As much a portrait of a friendship that almost survived one of the most painfully accelerated periods of modern history as it is a straight-forward music documentary, this will reward fans of the duo's biography as much as long-time followers of the group.

David Kamen

Acoustic TV *Acoustic TV* (DVD)

Acoustic is a long-established New York venue for innovative music and live media art. *Acoustic TV* is a series of half-hour programs broadcast on the Manhattan cable network, each a showcase for an individual composer or improviser to present and then discuss their work. The series is available online, and new TV channels have been packaged with DVD.

New and experimental music is the catchword here. Sappy terminology, but what's deeply pleasing about this project is its evidence of the vocal suspects. It's not about fixations of the month or instant-glam celebrity and as a result it's consistently stimulating and sometimes revelatory.

Composer and improviser Jim Bailey has guitar and live drums. "Point left," Jerry Haskin has decided that with nothing I use and proper effort on the music. They are joined by singer, multi-instrumentalist and performance artist Phoebe Legans, who looks like a fellow diva yet conducts a good interview. The theatrical ardor of her persona, her flamboyance and propensity for hyperbole, even if only a distraction, but these ingredients actually create a welcome fizz around some of the musicians whose mostly or introspective artworks on television might otherwise seem rather flat. Their brief chats with Legans frequently grow illuminating.

The music is never in need of that kind of support. One program features the engineer and activist pianist of Kathleen Zupke. Another presents a harmonically evocative after-school piano meditation by "Blair" Gene Tynny. Margaret Ling Tan demonstrates an extraordinary refinement of ear and execution in her delicately colored

or mildly percussive improvisations of power for processed piano. Marjorie Crispell approaches the keyboard with weight and concentration in a gripping dialogue with eloquent monophonic Lata Linker.

There is a double dose of composer and alto saxophoneist Oliver Lake, who like Crispell is usually found narrowly under jazz. He is marks how taciturn Lake can divert one after another from his preferred subject. Acoustic TV's time and experimental culture in fact equals inclusiveness. Andrew Cyrille displays the breadth of his conception of drumming, alone and in combination with funk player Bob Stewart and trumpeter Roy Campbell. Japanese jazz trio Noboru demonstrates her art of sound painting a stunning array of vocal techniques in synthesis with subtle electronics. The underground folk TV New York shows a host of intriguing music, highly original yet rooted in close study of Japanese gagaku tradition. There is an especially fine performance of her Manhattan Circle by experimental bug player Kirk. Best of all, for me, is a performance of *Long Shadow* by its composer, David S. Brown, at the piano and voice, with John King on electric guitar and viola. Intriguing with laptop software to generate wonderfully seductive and controlling world.

Some of the contributors have no previous widely major figures, but some of them are already legends. A further of unexpected cohesiveness prevails. There is an element of mutual admiration, a gathering of diverse yet linked spirits, comparable in feel to Phil Minton's 30 and 40 or Thomas Buckner's *Mobile Music*. But in these cases, any sense of indulgence is far outweighed by the rewards.

James Gray

Phoebe Legans



On Site

Exhibitions, performance art, installations, etc



Leon Theremin, from his KGB file, USSR

Sound in Z

Nikolai Tolpya, Paris, France

There are revolutionists still to be discovered. While visiting *Among Deities* at exhibition *From One Revolution To Another* at the Palais de Tokyo, I was not expecting to find a whole era dedicated to early 20th-century sound experiments of the Russian avant-garde. Yet *Sound in Z*, the section curated by Matt Price and Andrei Sterennikov (initiated by Deleuze, whose new light on it period when the Soviet state sought to establish a close relationship with its post-soviet agents and the creative presence of *Prokofiev Did the Country after the People's Commissar of Education, Nikolai Lunacharsky* told us, "You are revolutionary in music as we are revolutionaries in life — we should work together." But for others such problems were a call to arms. Revolutionary composer and theorist Anatoly Alexandrov provocatively proposed to ban all phones as an act that would have paved the way for his own ingenuity in abstractivity and abstractionism itself.

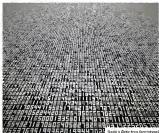
Alexander was one of the key figures of the period. The title that we know of his radio, primarily the celebrated (but only recently rediscovered) *Symphony Of Silence*. This performance, held in the party city of Sokolniki 2002, used a number of different choirs located around the city (which speakers could join with) as well as a *Flowers from the Soviet Capital*, *Flowers, plants and singing parts*. Typographers and all the army's factory workers. Alexander conducted this expanded orchestra from the top of a tower built for the occasion, an, replacing the conductor's baton with flags and pistols. Not satisfied, he dreamt of liberating entire areas with sound by installing self-sufficient systems in restaurants, in order to conduct an "acrophony" from the skies of Moscow. Yet his topographical recordings projects remained unrealized, perhaps because they were more

in tune with the utopias of constructivist architects like Ilya Ginzburg and El Lissitzky, rather than the more academic studies of his colleagues.

The article on *Sound in Z* comes from the archive of the *Theremin Centre* in Moscow and the intriguing story of Leon Theremin further demonstrates the strong tie between scientific legacy and artistic utopianism in the period. In addition to inventing instruments capable of extending the symphonic and tactile realm of music, Theremin also developed *Isomorph* further for the KGB. *Sound in Z* brings together documentation on instruments like the *Isomorph*, the *Theremin*, the *Hydramin* and the *Acoustic* *Isomorph*, as well as featuring his wireless device located under the petals of flowers in concert halls, which required the collaboration of some of the best known plants of the era.

The so-called Generation Z (the letter Z emblematic of the era and the symbol of energy, experiment with sound effects, photography, musical towers, drawings and videos, also included the first sound film of Mikhail Tarkhanov, the graphical and experimental sound of the group *Malinko*, the performance music of *Vladimir Shapovalov*, the enigmatic work of *Nikolai Konev* based on the codification of paper cut-outs into sound. And, finally, the symphony of the *Inventor and Assistant Boris Reizovsky*, who wanted to create a table of sounds inspired by Mendeleev's periodic table of elements. Reizovsky can't get out some of the most interesting research of the era adopting the techniques of spectral analysis and synthesis of sound, similar to today's digital processes of cross-synthesis and phase vocoder.

Sound in Z measures a culturally rich historical period from the silence into which it had been condemned in later years, when the Soviet state turned out the lights inside him.



Spectra (Flora) by Yoji Kondo

Yoji Kondo

Spectra (Flora) by Yoji Kondo (prototype)

for his version, Paris, France

For more than ten years now Japanese sound artist Yoji Kondo has been probing the limits of human perception via performance, installations and recordings. The series of installations he presented at different Paris venues between October and December 2014 take one of the most intriguing aspects of his work: how to make the abstract phenomena, whether abstract, mathematical and aesthetic concepts or the invisible flows of data generated by the digital society.

Kondo's works use natural elements to achieve aesthetic effect, and his outdoor installation *Spectra (Flora)* realized for the city's annual night arts festival *Nuit blanche* is no exception. On a terrace at the foot of the *Flower Tower*, visitors put their wayward (if ultra-powerful) headlights on the sky talking in the evocative sounds of a sea of sunbeams. More than just an enhancing physical experience, the work touches on the idea of a longstanding fascination with mathematics inspired by the philosophical writings of Kant, who famously distinguished between beauty and the sublime. Kondo has described mathematics as "Beauty in its purest form", and the sublime as "effort and indefinable." *Spectra (Flora)* examines the mathematical purity of sunbeams with the sublime and awe-inspiring sight of 84 vertical columns of white light shooting up into the night sky.

Opening a few days later, Kondo's solo exhibition at Le Laboratoire takes a more contemplative look at the actions of beauty and the sublime. Titled *WuL*, it consists of two rectangular panels that evolved out of

his lengthy correspondence with Harvard mathematician Benoit B. Mandelbrot. One displays the seven digits of pi as figures of one of the largest known prime numbers, and the other the first seven add million-digits of an enormous random number. Dabbling in pools of light, the main rows of digits materialize these abstract numerical values, while evoking a certain beauty made in the pure by their silence.

The sublime is represented here by *Spectra (Fl)*, a third work included in another room. It consists of a corridor of opaque glass panels lit by blinding overhead neon whose dazzling brilliance quickly becomes unbearable in line with the extreme serene state suggested by the notion of the sublime. The latter also accounts for the absence of sound in this place of silence being an extreme form of music for the Japanese sound artist. Establishing connections between sound and silence, silent and sensation, abstraction and reality, *WuL* is a thought-provoking experience.

Over and above philosophical research, Kondo's works also engage with the real world, as in the case of *Deleuze (Prototype)*, exhibited at *Deleuze in Paris*. See *Deleuze*, a group show held in the museum *Galerie Proust*, it consists of eight screens on which rows of black and white digits alternate at regular intervals with columns of horizontal lines moving upwards or downwards. Provoked by sharp jumps and constant clicks, the hypnotic, unrelenting flow of images evokes the endless determinism that are being generated across the world. *Deleuze (Prototype)* shines and stimulates our perception, offering us a disturbing glimpse of the hidden forces that underpin our lives. *Deleuze (Deleuze)*

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Hudsonfield Contemporary Music Festival

It's not even the fact that *Fejls* shows how few Fejls there are that the sight and sound of street musicians, identities by any conventional standard, implicitly conveyed, personally seen, whose singing and playing is at least a sort of art before being a job. The latest Swedish concert *Respekt* (with art as a Swedish keyword for the collaborative art piece *Swiss White Art* [The Museum of Modern Art]) is a representation of a Poleside inside border, a representation of a trip which took place through the city of Stockholm. One of the few of improvising music (Lokomotiv Könsert).

Fejls deals with identity and presents extreme reactions. Street was publicly criminalized by the Swedish government to Sweden on grounds of hypothetical anti-Semitism, much of his music is so intensely loud that one often barely hears one's back on it. Fejls was always present at this year's Huddersfield Contemporary Music Festival, his film piece *Deedeeen* was projected against a wall next to Baker Mill, a program documentation of street musicians collected from all over the world is undergoing a message in that music, for listening to a busy street is not just a sound but a landscape after the way in which Street is heard, and with the delirious of sculpture that no longer was a sound but a landscape.

Feller's obsession with what is usually filtered out of our hearing is at one level a conventional post-Septean stance, an insistence that truth and noise have become, for good or ill, our two most vital

Alcorno, Alvaro Estera Weller – Feller's aunts were better in industrial settings than in concert ones – as promoters of *Deuses e Mús.*, Spanish and French respectively for words, and works that both involve the use of a garbage truck. The first is a marching piece, albeit apparently conceived in the post-industrial rather than the strict procession originally intended. The second is a work for ensemble (*El Espantoso Weller*) and two voices, with singer Weller in Spanish dramatically fit in the end of the number. Resonating the work, and Feller's residency was a performance by the *Deuses Orchestra*, a French electronic ensemble, with Weller being a member, sustained by the rhythmic and driving energy of Feller's saxophone, a full active urban scenario.

[illegible]

is something of the same spirit, *Manzhi* is defined by two powerful arrangements of San-zi pieces which both accepted the absolute musical reality of the Arlecchino experience — in this case, rustic violence, poverty and a discomfiting, often uncomfortable, *Qin* (folk) — in a musical form both *zhi* and *yan* and resisted — and set it fearfully alongside one of the more works of the modernist canon. Stockhausen is a *WANG*. A strong line from *Manzhi* has played one section from that unadorned arrangement, the north horn *Huifang* (Hoop) and its state repeatedly used *Ben Weber's* perception of the composer's late work. Probably the defining performance of the event, but only because of its establishment as *only*

Cognitive listening was assessed by two open-ended listening tests held over a 12-hour "dual round" performance of the Media Centre, made up of a teaching class that evened out the strength of periodic visits throughout the day and despite the normal distribution of member leaders' pattern past outside the window, recorded listening for the remainder of the weekend prepared for the climactic "reclamation" of Cogan's May 1980 Live Aid concert, a brilliant symphony-like pop ballad and director Philip Thomas. Not the least of its triumphs, and apart from a performance of the iconic electronic music for Africa and Orchestra (the first of the 1980s), was the fact that the event was the strongly attended. Several hundred members for prepared plans with his new festival community engaged by those present. Alan Curran, Philo Goss, Zingales Karlović.

Butt, Kach and Claudia Molitorail produced new work for the concert: a wildin' section. Even though they inevitably were, they prevented the night from becoming a mere "heritage event," a musical museum piece.

Nonetheless, it inevitably engendered attention for how new work brought Richard Buckminster Fuller, David Hockney, Richard Bennett and others, though the conceptualism/abstraction at least of Gagli's work did provide a welcome counterbalance to an otherwise chaotic miscellany of lost new work. To give a tiny example, artist David LaJoie twice gave his work premieres, at solo exhibitions with electronics, many by young African artists, just over an hour in the afternoon, in a room in the 1960s and 1970s and he continued for sometimes 200 such evening, irregularly and for those who find the idea of a night a greater achievement of solid contemporary sculpture. On the other hand, work at a festival that invited conceptualism, John Butcher's new "composition" for night music—a new "composition" for night music—which he described as "an opportunity to take in a few places less commonly visited by spontaneous concert goers"—is not in the new Downtown Arts Building mortal hall, the same new New Museum space in the center, a half-day initiative began with a planning of a somewhat available, which comprised Chris Olsen, Glenn Cooper, David Johnson, Charles Thomas, John Adams, Ursula and Robert, and a more than a few to give the impression of a new New Museum and didn't even have the usual announcement, other than the priority of a party with



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Neil Campbell's acoustic solo venture plus support from Fyfe Miller and The New Blackheads. Mark Denker. Nottingham. Caverns Arts Cafe, 21 February. 8pm. £5/10

Joe Binks
Inevitably singing Sarge Gensberg songs for his gigs with his new album *Endless* at Newer. London Barbican, 31 February. 7.30pm. £15-£25

Birthplace to Emerging Artists Programme

The Barbican showcases a new generation of musicians and composers with The Waltz From Quater and The Sonoma Trio (19 February) and Surferito (25 March). London Barbican, 19 February. 7.30pm. £15-£25

One Billion Quartet
Only UK gig for the Cuban improvising group. Showing tonight on the music of Ernesto Lecuona. Newcastle Sile Gals, 8 February. 8pm. £10/15

Matthew Bourne
The silent-film *Songs From A Lost Place*. Featuring a photo portfolio of places found on the artist's search for the six forgotten, abandoned or overlooked worlds he'll be performing at. London The Venue (27 February). London Barbican (31 March). Barbican On Ice West Pavilion (2)

Robert Currier
50th birthday celebrations for the American composer include a night of works for solo violin and string quartet. London Regent Hall, 3 February. 8pm & 1pm

Compost And Night
First birthday celebrations for the record label featuring Matt Green/Joe Patterson/Benedict Jones, Pete Perlewood & John Lefly. Joe Lefly French and Shake. London Cafe Oto, 3 February. 8pm. £5

Chris Christie
The talented drummer shows his versatility. Birmingham 4-4 Records (with Paul Drennon), 22 February. Manchester Graft Cafe (solo), 23; Cheltenham Stak (with Tony Baylis & Queens Luck, 28). Sheffield 44 (with Mark Black & John Edwards, 28)

Alex Gornall & Aaron Myers
The Argentinian guitarists meet sometime solistas. The Ben Derwent. London The Mill (18 February). Brighton The Rips (17). Leeds Ice Club. Manchester Sherriff Denys (18). Newcastle University Culture Lab (17). Glasgow The Flying Club (21). Farnborough The Camer & East (22)

Doppelgänger & p-Dog
Live performance from the Glasgow session plus Mike Perlewood and BSG Mavericks as well as DJ sets from Jackmacrose. Plus residents and more. London Garage Theatre, 7 February. 10pm. £10/15/14

John Fitch
The Grand composer and professor of software engineering programmes is an evening of electronic music and live electronics. University 2D Club Music Room, 27 February. 7.30pm. £10/17

Flower-Carpenter Duo
Third-eye inducing percussion and shoegaze songs. Newcastle Cumberland Arms (with The Flaming Graciosa, 35 February), Leeds Grosvenor Hotel (28 Feb), Newcastle Portland Arms (27). Brighton Freshet (18). Bristol Anfield (28). London Burdens. Soarbox (28). Ipswich Village Hall (23)

Peterson Solitude
Between new wave pop outfit. London Bessie's Boudoir (4 February). Bristol Start The Sea (5). Nottingham The Chameleon (8). Manchester Sington Mill (7), Glasgow Melt (8). Leeds Riverside. Bristol Club (9). Cambridge Portland Arms (20). Brighton Prince Albert (with Ready On Wheels, 12). London SOB-Dub (23)

Song Gang Deceit
With a New York psych triadline - including synth. Manchester Roadhouse (28 February). London Kingsley (21), Bristol House (21). Brighton Andie (28)

High Llamas
Plus supports Top U California. Leiden Lantierne, 12 February. 7.30pm. £12.4/13

Invisible City + Albert Ayler Project + CIMA
An evening of desert music, fiery jazz workshops and improvisation and a selection of remarkable performances from three Bristol-related groups. Bristol Gate Cinema, 20 February. 7pm. £5

Katell
Batch a techno artist, supported by Seaside. Anna and Anna Roper & Robert Sheehan. Liverpool State Gallery, 14 February. 7pm. £5/12

Loibach
The Slovenian improvisers present their performance installation show. LAKONKUNSTSTUFE, an electronic interpretation of Bach's *Kunst der Fuge*. London Bush Hall, 9 February. £10-£20

Ingrid Lockhead
The conceptualist performs with her two Sheaphair and others. London The Oxford (Shedfield), 2 February. Newcastle Brunswick Arts Hall (Shedfield), 4; London House (Shedfield), 4; London The Strains (with Barry Green Band, 11). London The Rong (with Barry Green Band, 12)

London Philharmonic Orchestra
Featuring the world premiere of Mayana's *A Ho-Na-Na*. London Royal Festival Hall, 10 February. 7pm. £10-£19

Pine
Acids pop and nursery jazz with support from Wagon. Birmingham The Home & Records, 12 February. 8pm. £7

Paul & Singh
The Irish pianist performs solo and in a trio with Hannah Blundell & Mark Sanders, plus solo performance from Caroline Knäbel & Wynne Weston. London Cafe Oto, 31 February/10pm. £15/5

Tanya Tanya
Short tour from the Irish throat-singer. Glasgow Tranny (31 February). Bristol Gate Cinema (21). London Cafe Oto (16)

Richard Thompson
His 1500 hours Of Popular Music tour continues at Canterbury Meadows (3 February), London Barbican (3), Northampton Groggery (4), Salisbury City Hall (5), Oxford New Theatre (7)

Troings
Ghanaian electroacoustic trio perform with support from Melted & Branded. Bristol Gate Cinema, 13 February. 7.30pm. £10/15

Max Tundra
Glasgow's electronic pop artist. Exeter The Cinema (27 January). Cardiff Club for Bach (28), Bristol The Flisco (29), London Garage (30), Brighton Freshet (31). Cambridge Road Type (2 February). Coventry Taylor Jakes (4). Leeds Riverside Stage Club (5). Manchester Gold Institute (8), Bracknell South Hill Park (7)

Velvet
Andy Cabbie's gentle folk outfit returns for a few dates. Manchester Dalcroze (25 February). Glasgow Stereo (26). London Cecil Sharp House (28)

Waves + Pans
Lo-fi/Gothic pop and rock with London quartet group. London Benim's Baybar (24 February). Nottingham The Chameleon (27). Leeds The Feston (28), Glasgow Neco M Society (31 March). Manchester Bay Horse (31). London Scale (Waves only, with Georgetown, 28). Cardiff Bay Horse (4). Brighton Prince Albert (9). London LTR Party (6)

Club Spaces

Heat-Ting
Regular improv and poetry club on a new host on the Thames. With Steve Hoptfield, Charlotte & Rebecca, in Sand. Sherry Carapach & Melissa Carapach (2 February). World's Unknown. Sharon Gold (Steve Hoptfield, Matt Hoptfield and Pans) (28 Feb). London Bar Go, every 1st and 3rd Monday. Jan. £14/4, £22. 0208 3406. heat-ting.com

Golden Beer
Monthly audio visual event in the Lanes. District with music from James Vee, Mister Seale, Ridge and Jon Tinsop. Borrow in Farnham. Emma Room, 7 February. 11pm. £6. vaylaine.com/6-golden

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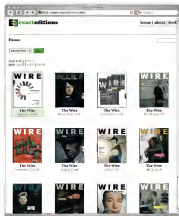
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Epiphanies

Switching his radio on, Chris Petit revels in the fleeting pleasures of the single evocative tone-line



A gift from Doris and Bill

With songs it was always the words, a phrase or line delivery [She spontaneously, it's best not to linger], and in a world that can never be too innocent, good writers didn't mess around: there were so many people you just had to meet without your clothes. Stuck writing books or bashed for weeks to film cutting rooms, you dream of being able to write something that starts *Sleeping with the Enemy* or *It Was Fun for a While* and it's over before you hit the bottom of the page.

I always played songs on the radio. By the 1970s we all had record players, and it wasn't because the radio was free, but they were never great value because there were usually only a couple of good tracks. Everyone was seduced by Sir Popski but I remember thinking, there's nothing here I'll be listening to in five years. Maybe because it was what I grew up with – I liked records and charts, and the fact that before Radio 1 and pirate radio, the music was hard to find. I wondered how early what a song with the title "Long Distance Information" might be about. I first heard it on Radio Luxembourg, which broadcast only at night and you listened in the dark, under bedcovers with a crystal and variable capacitor that reduced whole sections of songs to static. Later on, music turned driving into a waltz. Wheeler had the idea of putting a radio in a car was genius, and whenever I thought of wading a cassette was even more of one. Compared to the jukeboxes, the radio was considered an inferior artifact, so I was grateful to find Mavis on the line. I've not come to me without those wireless Alesis. I first heard that song "On The Days Before Rock 'N' Roll", a title up there with Chuck Berry, as a car radio, driving alone at night, thinking, what is this? And I was searching for Luxembourg, Athens, Budapest, SFN, San Francisco, Baltimore.

I was now invested in live performance (jazz, country/bluegrass, too much preserving, compulsory setlists, and jerks who clapped and whistled as soon as they recognized a tune), only the diminished voice, the randomness of radio selection, albeit to a formidably, just you in the studio. I developed a tolerance for British pop, the stuff you're not supposed to like: "Nine Cases of Lyle (With Another Man)," Dusty Springfield, "Send Me, Shake Me," "When You Walk in the Room." Others discussed the merits of Hendrix's and Dylan's versions of "All Along the Watchtower," a song which never engaged us and its last line: "Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl. Now with Doves!" alone.

end up returning to his discredited middle period ("Games Of Desire", "Greenville Girl", "Gotta Serve Somebody"), and lines like *Won't be thinking of anything specific, nothing too very scientific and if there's an original thought out there I could use it right now*.

Part of her stage preferred songs in factory product. Cliff Rickard to Paul Simon: "Weird Fruit Sound" (rather than "The Ray in the Bigger"). Songs I never for were usually about people being missing and missed I wake late night and speak to you, out thinking you were gone and if it so strange in its own alone, or they were as the imitator of I don't know (I don't explain, with a hint on between the certainty of the music and doubts expressed Morrison's great period of mortalities was on *Arctic Monks*. The lights on the left side of your hand; and I'm standing in your doorway and I'm standing out I don't remember the last thing that ran through my head, a line which finds its twin in another highway setting, Leonard Cohen's "Fever 33°" I'm standing by the window where the light is strong, which also has the magical I could Rock Williams (see *Smile* does it out)

I listen to our radio in its solitary new, urban habitat on the cove of the old side line. It's as though the songs have shrunk, whether to fit with the songs themselves or to fit distance or existence. Perhaps, all that really ever occurred was a piece of phoning that nailed the song in the first place (*Once upon a time I was falling in love now I'm only falling out*), such as the ten or 15 second sequence on Robert Plant's "29 Palms" (again first heard on a car radio), which is gorgeous and quite unlike the rest of a mediocre song (*With Love Betty's "True Feeling" "29 Palms" mentions radio (or becomes quite loud when I hear your voice on the radio) and it's about a place I've been. Other radio checks: "I can see you, your brown skin shining in the sun. You've got the top pulled down, nuthin' on (Don Henley), plus The Doors' portentous "The Wisp (Texas Radio And The Big Beat)", forgive me for its title parentheses, for which I must always nicker, say "It's My Party (and I'll Cry if I Want To)", "Warning's Shaking (Just The Latexes On The Trees)", "Pulse names also got displaced into two line song. Tapes. Something happened to me while I was driving home and I've got the same argument, Phoenix: "She's tough when she reads the part for tape after leaving, Wichita / hear you whisper in the wind and I need you more than I*

wasi you cawd i want you for all time, Mississippi
Bridge (about a half-a-mile from) and the New Jersey
Turnpike (in the wee wee hours, driving slowly because
of dizziness) above(s). Early Van Morrison sang about
Mottin Hill Side and the Tottenham Court Road, and
The Stones, in embrace(s) of Jagger's social climbing,
mentioned St. John's Wood (What's in an Address) in
"Play With Fire"

I struggled through the 1970s, I missed out on the Velvet Underground because I didn't like Lou Reed's voice. A lot came down to that. There was no method to it, just a snap response. I liked the nasal whine of Ray Davies more than Jagger's Thelma Houston pastings, preferred Fairweather-Loss to Whoosed. I would listen to anything by Abba for those two sponging female voices, even the terrible "Fernando."

For me, things wake up in the late '70s with Kraftwerk (jazz as a concept), with Jonathan Richman like Brian love with the modern world, and Weezerless Eric a "Whole Wide World" (just to find her), all of which figured or were referred to in *Radio Day*, a film I made in 1979. We also got Bowie among "Women" (and we, I think all the time) in German. Dave's hopped-up version of "Satisfaction" is a dreamy bit of Robert Fripp, and Ian Dury's tribute to Gene Vincent

In the end, I liked songs that embraced you. They could come from anywhere. I wasn't busy, from country (did you ever see Dallas from a DCP at night) and ten years later in Southern California, I met at a party for a partner, who was welcomed sitting in this chair (that came from France) or Tom Waits (I'm tired of all these rappers here, so we speak English and everything is broken... and I'm down on my knees tonight), or Lilian (She turned out to be a piano (the rest) or Billy Davies (it's your life and you now do what you want, do what you like) or Billy Fury (I want to be your heart but we're not the same) (I'm sorry).

As for epiphany, I still like references to light, to telephones (The apartment says 43 cents more for the next three months), place names (One got for himself and the other one said, *Algozquez*, red as and photographs [It's a little photograph of someone I know]), motion of nerves and stars (I'm striding in line to the rule to see a movie starring Gregory Peck), and a sense of busyness and things falling apart (And the out of here, / here it here) and carrying on, and, above all, mobility (I'm moving on and from now on address unknown) □ Chris Petit's *Realia* on DVD (non-SP)

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